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TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not to joys instead.

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though this day may be dark;
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gladly sing the lark;
Fair hope has not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down hearted,
But look for joys instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness
On this side of the tomb;
While stars are nightly shining,
And Heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

GALILEO GALILEI.

BY GEORGE S. MCDOWELL.

Galileo Galilei, eldest son of Vincenzio Galilei, a Florentine noble, was born at Pisa on the 18th of February, 1564. The original family surname of Bonajuti, was changed to that of Galilei to perpetuate the name of a member of the family, Galileo Bonajuti, who was one of the Twelve in 1343. Although of an ancient and noble stock, the father of Galileo Galilei was in very straightened circumstances, and it was a long time that he could not give to his son such instruction as appeared most desirable at those times. Good teachers were not to be found at Florence, and he could not afford to maintain Galileo at Pisa, where the best professors in Tuscany were to be found. From his father he learnt both the theory and practice of music, and learned to perform upon the lute, far excelling his father, an exquisite performer. He also excelled in the sister art of painting, and frequently said that had he had his own choice he would have elected to become a painter.

At the age of seventeen and a half, Galileo, at that early age well versed in Latin and Greek, an excellent artist, and an accomplished musician, was sent to Pisa to study medicine. For three or four years following he was engaged in the study of medicine and philosophy; in the latter not to the satisfaction of his teacher, who gave him the unfortunate reputation of being imbued with a spirit of contradiction, because he examined into truth of assertions rather than depend on authority. His eager study of Plato and Aristotle found no favor in their sight, and with their narrowed ideas.

His first mechanical discovery was the pendulum, and its application in determining the rate and variation of the pulse. This invention was hailed with wonder and delight, by the physicians of the day, and was soon taken into general use under the name of *pulsilogia*. His father considered the time spent on mechanics as wasted, but as Galileo persisted in continuing (even pursuing the study in secret), he became convinced that his son was a born mathematician, withdrew his opposition, and abandoned all hope of Galileo making his fortune in the practice of medicine.

After much solicitation on the part of a prominent friend, he secured, in 1588, the mathematician professorship at Pisa, with the stipend of sixty crowns yearly. All but one of the professors (Jacopo Mazzoni) were hostile to him, because he would not accept, unquestioned, the truths advanced by Aristotle, and, daring to see and think for himself, had sacrilegiously put Aristotle to the test and found him wanting. Experimenting on falling bodies from the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the first blow was struck at the Aristotlean philosophy, from which it never recovered. His boldness necessarily made him enemies, and through the powerful opposition of Don Giovanni de Medici, the governor at Leghorn, he was compelled to resign the Pisian professorship. Through the influence of his friend Guidubaldo he obtained the mathematical professorship of Padua, whither he removed in the autumn of 1592, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Moleti.

During his long residence at Padua, he made the acquaintance of men like Pinelli, Tycho Brahe and Kepler. In this period he became a convert to the Copernican system, and although he succeeded in converting many of his friends, he continued to teach the Ptolemaic theory up to 1600. Fear of giving offense is a marked trait in Galileo's youthful character. He was willing to believe older men in the right, and himself wrong. Even of Aristotle he never spoke in stronger terms of depreciation than to say his method of reasoning appeared unsatisfactory and erroneous. The whole period of his residence at Padua was one of unceasing industry. In 1597, he seems to have turned his attention to the manufacture and improvement of scientific instruments, and even took a workman into his family that his inventions might be be less liable to piracy. In 1599, his stipend was augmented from 180 florins to 320 ducats, and after he had lectured for seventeen years at Padua, the Senate, roused to enthusiasm by his invention of the telescope, voted him the professorship for life, with the stipend of a thousand florins. This was in 1609, previous to which he had invented the thermometer, and made various observations on the loadstone. After the invention of the telescope until 1611, Galileo discovered the moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the phases of Venus, the solar spot, etc., and the renown he had acquired was that of the greatest mathematician and philosopher in Christendom. Like all discoveries, these were violently opposed by those who chose rather to envy than applaud the magnificent results of this great man's untiring energies, and Galileo's sternest qualities were called forth to prove the discoveries he had made and maintain his own defense.

In the autumn of 1610, Galileo removed from Padua to Florence to superintend the education of Prince Cosmo. Shortly after Father Caccini, in one of his sermons, alluded to the Copernican doctrine in terms of reproach. Others took up the swords of speech against Copernicus and his books, which they had not read, the science of mathematics, which they knew not, and Galileo whom they had never seen. So hotly was the denunciation continued that Galileo was advised to go to Rome to plead for himself and for the Copernican doctrine. But despite numerous friends, the Dominician's ignorance eventually gained the day. Various lying reports were circulated by the "*good men of the Church*" (!) in order to weaken Galileo's power; for he seemed at first likely to gain the day. The result was that all books and writings belonging to the Copernican school were to be revised and corrected to agree with the Ptolemaic theory, and the upholders of the former system, while they were permitted to retain their belief, were cautioned against teaching it to others.

Before leaving Rome, which he was warned shortly to do, Galileo began a correspondence with the Court of Spain, through the Count of Lemos, on the methods of determining longitudes at sea. Despite his endeavors, and the undoubted use his method would have been to the Spanish navy, the Court of Madrid could not be roused from its apathy. Galileo's disappointment was in a measure mitigated by the Grand Dukes taking up the discovery for the use of the Tuscan navy. But its application was found beset with as many difficulties that it never came into general use. Negotiations were frequently renewed with Spain, but came to no definite conclusion.

Between the years 1611 and 1616 he published the treatise "On the Inequalities of the Moon's Surface;" the "Discourse on Floating Bodies," "On the Spots observed on the Body of the Sun;" the "Discourse on the Tides," and his famous letter to the Grand Duchess Christina on the Copernican System. All this while suffering severe and painful maladies, aggravated by fits of hypochondria, which frequently prevented him from writing even to his most intimate friends. In a book by Mario Guiducci under the eye of Galileo, some opinions of the Jesuit Grassi were contradicted with force. Grassi replied. At this juncture Gregory XV. died, and was succeeded by Urban VIII., to whom Galileo's crushing reply, in which he utterly utterly demolished his adversary's arguments, was dedicated. This was an injury to their prestige which it was impossible for the Order to forgive; and from that day the Jesuits became Galileo's open enemies. Yet Urban, himself, was Galileo's friend, and, in hopes of obtaining recognition for the Copernican theory, now banned for nearly a century, the latter made a visit to Rome .He was warmly welcomed by the Pope, who highly recommended him to the Grand Duke, whose teacher of mathematics he became, and also made him presents, besides bestowing on his son a pension, as an acknowledgement of his father's merit.

The foundation of the great work of Galileo's life, "The Dialogue on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems," had long been laid. But mindful of the decree of 1616, he took measures to discover the opinion of the Pope by writing a letter in the form of a reply to a certain Lugoli, who, some years before, had written a treatise on the Copernican system. The Pope was pleased with this treatise, and openly avowed that the Copernican theory had been condemned only as rash, and not as heretical, adding that there was no fear that any one would endeavor to prove it to be true. His "Dialogue" was concluded in March, 1630, and dedicated to his pupil, the Grand Duke Ferdinand. But neither his own fame nor the Grand Duke's protection could overcome the opposition of the authorities. After much solicitation the Pope, whose sentiments toward Galileo seem to have suddenly changed, granted the license to print the book, on condition that the title be make to show that the Copernican theory was treated only as an hypothesis, and that the book should contain an argument of his own, which the Pope considered unanswerable. Galileo consented to this rather than the book should not appear, and returned to Florence to complete the index and dedication. Every arrangement was made, when the Prince died, and thus Galileo lost the best and most influential, as well as the most enlightened friend he could claim out of Tuscany.

A virulent plague at this time suspended communication between Rome and Florence, and Galileo obtained permission to print his book in Florence, and while waiting for the appearance of his great work, let us take a cursory glance at his private life, and see how strikingly his troubles in that tallied in severity with those of his public life.

By the death of his father in 1591, Galileo had become the head of his family. This was always a position of grave responsibility, and to Galileo it was especially fraught with care and heavy anxiety. He was expected to provide money for the household, see to his brother's setting out in life, and find a suitable husband for his sister, or provide for her in the cloister. All this he did, and yet his troubles increased. His brother-in-law threatened persecution because the promised dowry was not promptly paid, and Michelangelo, his brother, was extravagant and arrogant, and we may add *worthless*, and was a source of constant annoyance to Galileo. His conduct was the most unblushingly selfish, and Galileo must have been more than human not to feel strong resentment. Many times he was called upon by him for a loan to pay his debts, and Galileo always complied. And although these were never paid, yet the profligate brother felt no compunction in demanding more as he wanted assistance. At length Michelangelo married, and not being able to maintain himself before, it was the source of an additional expense to Galileo, whose forbearance is commendatory. The brother occupied a fine residence and lived improvidently, depending on Galileo to furnish the means.

Galileo was never married. By his mistress, Marina Gamba, a Venitian of the lower class, he had three children—two girls and one boy. When he left Padua, in 1610, he took his daughter with him, leaving the boy with his mother until 1612, when he was brought to Florence. Galileo placed his daughters in the convent of St. Matthew, at Arcetri, in 1614, and thus he was lessened of much care and anxiety. The son, although Galileo did his best for him, was so like his uncle Michelangelo that he has scarcely left an honorable record on the history of the times. When he married he looked to his father for the means of subsistance. At last he went to his father's home, where he was kindly received. On the breaking out of the plague he fled with his wife, leaving an infant child to Galileo's charge. Yet even after this ingratitude, Galileo was harrassed with his selfish demands, even to the end of his life.

Galileo's great work appeared in January, 1632. In the many hindrances that met the author at every step before the book was finally authorized, was had a foretaste of the persecution which was to be his lot for the remainder of his days. At first the book was favorably received, and it was welcomed at the Papal court amid the applause of all Italy. But his enemies, the Jesuits, were yet active, and possessed such power and influence that in August, an order went out that every copy of the work should be sequestrated. Galileo's friends interfered, but the Jusuits were determined, and all-powerful. His formost enemy was Maffeo Barberini, a mean, irascible, vain man, whose instrument was a subservient Congregation of fallible Cardinals. After several examinations Galileo was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and all his works placed on the "Index Expurgatorius." Thus did the Pope silence this man of mighty genius, soothe his own wounded vanity, and complete the triumph of the Jesuits.

But Galileo's severe sentence was mitigated somewhat, and he was allowed to leave Rome and go to Senia, and shortly after he received permission to return to Arcetri. Still the same restrictions were placed on his writings and teachings, and he was to maintain an absolute silence in regard to Copernicus and his system.

In 1637, just before his sight falied him, Galileo made his celestial discovery, known as the moon's librations, and this was the last of a long list of discoveries Galileo was permitted to make. His sight rapidly decayed, and blindness was soon added to his other miseries.

In 1636, Galileo had addressed himself to the States-General of Holland offering them, without hope of reward, his method of determining the longitude by means of Jupiter's satellites. But the premature death of four of the principle commissioners most friendly to Galileo, checked further proceedings.

The last work of Galileo's old age was a short treatise on the secondary light of the moon. It was written at the desire of Prince Leopold. Soon after his labors were interrupted by an attack of fever, accompanied by palpitation of the heart. After suffering for two months, bearing all with philosophic and Christian resignation, and fortitude, he gave back his soul to his Creator on the evening of the 8th of January, 1642. Extensive preparations were made for his funeral, when advice from Rome arrived preventing it. So his remains were laid quietly away in the chapel Del Noviziato, at the end of the corridor leading from the south transept to the great sacristy of Santa Croce. In an obscure corner, rests this greatest man of his age, and other ages, and his name was only rescued from oblivion by the epitaph placed by Pierozzi in 1656, to which was added, to the disgrace of Florence, a bust of Galileo in clay, painted in imitation of marble. In 1737 a monument was erected in Santa Croce to his memory.

Galileo was cheerful, pleasant, and sociable; his demeanor was modest and unassuming; and of others his language was affable, and not contemptuous as that of many of his followers. But, although he spoke well of all those old philosophers who differed from him in philosophic reasoning, yet Archimedes was the only one of the ancients whom he called "master." His memory was so tenacious that he could repeat a great part of the works of Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and Seneca, with others. But not to make too long a list of his attainments, we may say that there was no art, science, or handicraft, in which he was not superior to the generality of men professing them. He was easily angered, but easily pacified. His society was much sought after, for his ready wit was the adornment of all conversation. As a professor he was no less loved and valued than as a friend, and numerous are the records of the expressions of gratitude and affection received from his pupils. And truly they may be adjudged emblems of greater merit and esteem than the costly monument beneath which his mortal body has mouldered back to dust, speeding the flight of his soul to the glorious realms of the most High, where reign supreme that justice, peace and love, which was scarcely its portion on earth.

MARRIED FLIRTS.

Bad as is the married woman flirt, I think the married man has yet far more to answer for. Byron's lines—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence"—

shows us that love-making forms but the merest item in man's long life, yet comprises all the thoughts, and dreams, and entire time of a woman. This is the fact which clearly proves that victims of the latter class call for greater sympathy. What perfect faith we have in the uprightness, and honor, and chivalry of man, until the married flirt comes and destroys the old fashioned belief, even as a child would blow away a thistle-down. He chooses as the pastime of his leisure hour some bright young girl, not wanting in charms sufficient to attract many a more honest man. The foolish thing, at first flattered by the attentions of one older, and, as she supposes, wiser than her herself, naturally neglects many a true and sincere aspirant to her affections, who is a trifle diffident perhaps, because so much in earnest, in order to please the ever ready and charming married schemer. Time passes, the girl is bewitched by tender tones and gentle reverence, by a thousand little acts denoting admiration and affection, which never fail to please, particularly when proffered by one she herself has hitherto looked up to, and her whole heart goes out in love to him who can give no lawful return. And the man? Words and actions he would never have dared to utter and perform, were he free and unfettered, he now unhesitatingly indulges in, knowing his marriage is his defense, and that nothing can be expected from him. The strong, brave chivalrous man, bound to protect every weaker, frailer thing, is now himself protected, by what? By the knowledge that pride and fear for herself, will be his sure safety, and that the hopeless disgrace and scorn, which is all she can expect if her infatuation becomes known, is the assurance he may safely trust to, to cover all the evil pleasure and amusement he may now quietly prosecute during the spare moments when his office, his clients, or his church, do not call for his time or attention. Should a proposal in every way suitable and proper now come to the woman in such circumstances, many a one would hesitate to perjure herself before God's altar, and, dismissing the chance of position and honor before the world, remain faithful to the wretched love which can give her nothing in return; or else she accepts the hand of the man who offers all he has to give, and defrauds him of what he has a right to look for in return, an honest, loving heart. In either case it is the married flirt who has blasted her existence, and taken from it every pure and holy joy, to say nothing of the part in life to which he has doomed that other woman whom, before God he had vowed to love and cherish.

As for married women, when they can so far forget their own dignity as to purposely lead on and encourage men, exciting feeling which self-respect equally with marriage vows make it utterly impossible for them to return, I think there are few terms too strong to apply to them; but at the same time I am convinced that the term flirt is often more unjustly applied to women who, strong in the faith that they are honored and trusted by their husbands, strive simply by the force of natural instinct to please and be agreeable to all around them. Take a woman who knows and feels that she is appreciated and admired, if thought bright, amusing, and even witty, and, ten to one, she will actually become for the time at least, all these three. Like a flower which in full sunshine, with care and attention blooms brightly, expands, and gives forth its delicate sweetness, so I think a woman perfectly confident and assured of affection and admiration, will charm and please much more than one doubtful of her own powers. The careless looker-on, or the cynic, will cavil and object to every little winning way, or charming manner, attributing to the woman and evil motive rather than the simple fact that, happy herself, she is striving to give harmless pleasure to others. Believe me, the agreeable, attractive woman who draw admirers around them as naturally as the sweetest flowers draw honey bees, those women who, because so surrounded, are almost universally pronounced flirts, in reality seldom deserve the name. That such do not exist, however, I cannot presume to assert, but they are far fewer than the world would have us believe, and but few victims ever grace their sacrifices. These are left for the cowardly, the unprincipled, criminally selfish married man first.—*Hys, in Boston Courier.*

A newsboy, seated on the post office steps counted his pennies over and remarked; "Seventeen cents in all. That's five for the circus, three for peanuts, four for sinking fund, four I owe to Jack, and there's one left to support a widowed mother on until Saturday night."

Kansas teacher—"Where does all of our grain product go to?" Boy—"It goes into the hopper." Hopper! What hopper?" "Grass-hopper!" triumphantly shouted the lad.

If thou art rich, thou art poor; for, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows, thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee.—*Shakespere.*

Rev. Dr. Cuyler is the authority for the statement that there is less drunkenness among the negroes of the South than among the whites of New York.

Of the 2,000,000 shoe eyelets daily used in the United States and Canada, nearly one-half are manufactured by one firm in South Abington, Mass.

Edward C. Marshall, a son of Chief Justice Marshall, 70 years of age, is a clerk in the Pension Office at Washington, at a salary of $1200.

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

The garret I live in is lonely,
I keep up no sumptuous state;
For lacqueys and grooms I have only
Myself on myself now to wait.
So I've built me a marvellous mansion
And laid out a royal demesne,
With a tower of imposing expansion—
My Castle in Spain.

A park of old oak trees caresses
The glint of the summer sun there
(Just now all the wood I possess is
Confined to a table and chair.)
It stands on an eminence hilly
(At present my life is all plain;)
Oh, it warms me to build when I'm chilly,
My Castle in Spain.

Through my grounds winds a river sedately,
Unlike that old pump in the yard;
My friends there are pompous and stately;
And not with Bohemia tarred.
And yet the old friends I invite to
Come over and share in my reign,
They all have an equivalent right to
My Castle in Spain.

And what gives the crowning expression
To this sweet Iberian life,
The range of my Spanish possession
Is shared by a beautiful wife.
But my pipe has gone out, and my splendid
Old chateau and fair chatelaine
With the smoke wreath have faded, and ended
My Castle in Spain.

WEAK, YET STRONG.

The sultry August day was drawing to a close; going out in heat and a kind of oppressive stillness that foretold a storm. So thought Postmaster Harris in his unpretending little office—post-office and family grocery combined—as he stood behind the counter looking over, one by one, the packet of letters he held in his hand.

"No. No letters for any of your folks, Miss Bruner," he said, turning a florid, smiling face toward the young lady who stood in the broad light of the open door. A young and graceful woman of two-and-twenty, who wore a plain summer muslin. She had a low, clear voice, and a face that was hardly pretty and yet not plain—only tired-looking, like the face of one who has battled with fate and been worsted in the fight. This was Nathalie Bruner.

"No letters for you," repeated the postmaster. "Here are some newspapers, though, and a book of some kind for your brother," he slowly added, regarding the various addresses through his spectacles: "Mr. Leroy D. Bruner;" and then passing them across the counter to her with heavy, deliberate movements. He was never in a hurry, this steady-going old man, never seemed to get excited or lose his temper. "The neighbors are all well up your way, I suppose, Miss Nathalie?"

"Quite well, thank you," she answered, gathering up her parcels to go. "One thing more, Mr. Harris—a paper of soda, please."

It was handed down from the shelf in a ponderous manner, as if it had weighed a ton instead of a pound. Mr. Harris then came round and followed the young lady to the door.

"We are going to have rain before long, I think," he remarked. "Not before you get home, though, Miss Nathalie."

She made some reply in her low, pleasant voice, and set off homewards along the wide country road. It was getting dusk. Children played about still—children from the farmhouses on either side. Miss Bruner nodded to each group as she passed, but did not pause on her way, for the sun was quite down now, and home a mile distant. On she walked, without thought of fear, her dog beside her.

She was not a heroine, this girl I am telling you about. Not by any means one of those boastfully fearless women who are ready to do and dare all sorts of hazardous things. It was in her nature to be strong where many others are weak; and, worse for her, to be weak where many others are strong. Whether this strength had ever been tried, whether this weakness had worked her sorrow, you shall see by and by.

The road became still more quiet, the houses farther and farther apart. There was a faint breath of air now, and she took off her bonnet, letting its coolness touch her face. Such a quiet face it was—the face of a girl in fairness and rounded outlines, the face of an old woman in its utter weariness—weariness of spirit and weariness of life. A youthful face from which all youth's brightness and freshness have been struck out.

Something strangely fine and true in the girl's nature she had inherited from her father, along with the deep, hazel eyes, and fine, reddish-brown hair that belonged to the Bruners. He was of French extraction, as Nathalie's name would show. Mrs. Bruner was not. Mrs. Bruner had been a Dight—daughter of John Dight, the farmer. However Louis Leroy Bruner, the poor but proud gentleman, could have married common, hard, selfish Betsey Dight, was a marvel. She had been very pretty; perhaps the secret lay in that. Her eyes were grey, her hair black; and her son, Nathalie's only brother, had inherited the good looks, and some of the harshness. She was a clever, capable woman, and things had prospered with her; but her husband had not lived very long to enjoy them.

Nathalie had been given to wonder lately whether her life would have been a failure if her father had lived.

It is a sad, sad thing when a woman at twenty-two pronounces her life a failure. When the illusions that make youth sweet have faded away—the pleasant dreams vanished. It comes to us all sooner or later in life, this disenchantment, but to most it comes gradually, after years have brought wisdom and the soul has learned to trust in something higher and surer than earth can give. But to her for whom there was as yet no thought of compensation, the coming years stretched out blankly, empty of promise. The shadow of their coming was on her face now, their chill on her heart. The solemn quiet that brooded over earth and sky was unheeded. What were set of sun and rise of moon to her?—to her, in her desolation?

A little way before her a couple of lovers stood talking over the garden fence, the girl's coquettish in cherry ribbons and white muslin apron, the young man's head bent down close to the smooth, pink cheek. It was a pretty picture enough, and Miss Bruner glanced at it as she went by with a still, inscrutable look in her dark eyes. Was she thinking of a time when she had thus stood with a lover; had thrilled at the sound of a voice, the touch of a caressing hand, when she had believed in a man's truth?

She did not believe it now. She had come to have small faith in any son of man. And yet, how weak we women are. How weak this woman was, that a trifle like that could shake her so! Her face regained its listless quiet, her eyes their weary outlook, never changing. Never changing, until by and by a step sounded in the road behind her—a man's firm footfall on the hard beaten path. What was there in that to drive all the faint color from her cheek and lip—to make her heart stand still? Looking at her now you would know that the step was one she had listened for a hundred times, whose faintest echo she knew by heart. But it was six months since she had heard it, and another woman listened for it now.

He had returned, then! He had come back to his home after this long absence! The conviction that it was so flashed over her, and set every pulse in her frame thrilling.

"Miss Bruner! Nathalie!"

She turned at that, glanced up at the man beside her. A perfect athlete of a man, with a strong, masterful face, and eyes that kept their owner's secret well.

"You have returned, Mr. Vanderware."

If he had expected start or blush, he was disappointed. Perhaps he did not care for those things now, and yet he did all too well. Married man though he was, he would have given much to have seen her face kindle as it used to do at his coming. There was no thought of ill in his heart, but he loved her better than he would ever love another. He bent to look in her face, some sudden warmth and brightness flashed into his own as he did so, making it gentle almost as a woman's. The gentleness was in his voice, too, as he spoke.

"You are not glad to see me, as I am to see you, Nathalie."

"Your—family—are well, I hope?" was all she answered, and calmly, too. She would not say, "Your wife."

"Yes, quite well." He held her hand longer than he need have done—friends claim that much, you know—and then released it. "Let me have these parcels," he said, taking them from her quite as a matter of course, in the decisive way she used to like so well.

How tender he used to be with her in that past time! Somehow his presence to-night seemed to bring it all back to her—the strong man's protecting love, and all the brightness of those midsummer days a year ago, the sweetest of her life, when she had expected to be George Vanderware's wife. She might have been; she would have been his wife this night, but for her mother's interference. She had been hoping lately to forget him; she had been striving for it. But what meant this agitation within her? had the old spell come upon her once more?—the spell of this man's influence? She could not have told; she did not stay to ask herself. She only knew that it was like heaven to be with him again. And, walking by his side along the road that was familiar ground to both their feet, she forgot reality in the bliss his presence brought. She forgot the coldness, the estrangement, the separation and misery of the past year; she forgot his marriage; and seemed like the sweet girl he had known, shy and winning, with wise and pretty sayings, and smiles that came and went, making of the pure, delicate face a charming picture.

He stopped at the gate to bid her good-night, not venturing to enter. Putting down the parcels on the top of the flat post, he took her hands in one of his, and smoothed her hair with the other.

"Good-night, Nathalie."

"Good-night, George." But she ought to have said "Mr. Vanderware."

He bent down with a quick movement and kissed her—once—twice. His arm closed about her suddenly, and she felt herself drawn close to his breast. "My little love!"

Do not condemn him utterly. For that one mad, passionate moment he forgot that he was a married man, forgot everything but this pale little girl he held in his arms, and that he loved her. An instant she yielded herself to the close, strong clasp—only for an instant; then she remembered and drew herself free. The gate closed suddenly between them; catching up her parcels, she flew away, and he stood alone under the elm tree. So there was nothing for him but to go on home, taking the memory of that white, startled face with him for company; and the echo of some words faintly spoken, in which he caught but one sin.

"My little Nathalie!" he murmured from the depths of his remorseful heart. "Oh, what demon of anger and obstinacy possessed me? Curse Mrs. Bruner! Curse my own pride and folly! My true little girl!—she loves me still, in spite of all, and my conduct is killing her! It is hard to remember that the two who should have been the most tender with her were the most cruel,—her mother and her promised husband."

And while he toiled on up the hill, beyond which lay his home—the home where his wife awaited him, his wife whom he had married in spite and passion—Nathalie lay upon the ground in the darkest shadow of the garden, her face in the wet grass, her hands locked together as if they would never unclasp again.

There were guests in her mother's house. She could hear that. The sound of their voices came out through the open windows; cheerful, pleasant voices, with now and again a burst of laughter. Mrs. Bruner was louder than all. She could be so charmingly agreeable when she chose; and she was so good-looking still with her forty-five years. Her grey eyes sparkled yet; the hair wore its bright purple blackness. A woman who looked well to the ways of her household, and kept up the observances of religion in her family. A Christian by profession, going morning and night on her knees to ask for grace from on high. And yet beneath so much that was good in heart and in life was an underlying hardness in her nature,—harder was it than any substratum of granite. She was a born ruler. She had ruled her husband while he lived; she ruled her son and daughter now, if not with a rod of iron, at least with a sway that was well nigh absolute. The influence acquired over them in childhood, she had maintained with a strong hand ever since. She would like them to be happy, but it must be in her way. She was good in the main. People liked her—most people, that is—and Roy and Nathalie loved her.

Nathalie lay there still, unheeding the talk going on within. Their words, grave or gay, had no meaning for her. Only one sentence rang in her ears over and over again: "My little love, My little love," and the lips George Vanderware had kissed, formed just one wild, frantic wish: "If I could only die to-night!"

Oh! the lonely days and nights, the bitter pain of disappointment, the heart-sickness, the weariness of life. She had been through it all—had been living in nothing else for months. She had thought the worst was past—that she could never suffer again. And now to find that the victory was not won after all—that the battle must be fought over again! No wonder that, knowing her own weakness as she did, she should shrink from the trial.

How the sight of George Vanderware's face to-night brought the old days back—the days when she had first known him. All that his life held for her of joy or brightness lay in that time. What a hero he had seemed in her eyes then, like a knight of old. "Brave and true and tender." Her mother liked him then; she had been gracious to him, and welcomed him to her home. Perhaps what had attracted Nathalie to him at first was his foreign extraction. Not French, as her father was, however, George Vanderware's parents were Dutch, and had settled here. He was a substance, too. He was of noble looks, a man of powerful frame and will, thirty years of his life and more were gone. He asked for Nathalie in marriage, and loved her dearly.

Then came the explosion. Mr. Vanderware offended Mrs. Bruner, and she forbid him the house. She told him that he only wanted Nathalie's money, and otherwise insulted him. She was a woman who could sting while she insulted; none better; and he was not one to stand it. Nathalie, always bending to her mother's will, had bent then. George would have married her in defiance but she bowed to the subjection of her mother.

Her mother! Recalling it all now, the whole soul of the girl flamed into revolt. What right had Mrs. Bruner to insult George in that way, before his very face, too! He was a proud man, well Mrs. Bruner knew that, and he never came to the house again. Nathalie saw him sometimes, but she could not go out purposely to meet him, though he asked her to again and again; she would not listen to his proposals to set her mother at defiance, and marry him. And at last he got his temper up, and did not ask her any more. And after that she had met him walking and riding with Clara Wilson, the loveliest young widow in the county; and people laughed and said her reign was over. She knew her dream was. Her brother Royal had been away at the time, or perhaps—who knew?—it might have turned out differently. Just a week or two—looking back, it seemed to Nathalie but a day or two—and then came the news of his marriage to Mrs. Wilson, and of their departure after the wedding.

And now he had come back again. And Nathalie knew that they both loved each other as passionately as ever, and that their lives had been wrecked. In this hour, lying there in her pain, Nathalie seemed to understand it all more clearly than she had ever done before; she believed now that she need not, and ought not to have been sacrificed; that neither God nor duty required it of her.

"How weak I was! how pitiably weak!" she moaned, in a sort of contemptuous compassion for herself, remembering how all her life long she had yielded her own will to her mother's, and finally this one bright dream of a happy future. All that her woman's heart craved of peace or joy was in that dream—a home of her own, a husband, and pleasant hopes beyond it. And now, oh! aching heart, oh! empty hands, oh! young face that must grow old, and go down at last into the silence of the grave unblest by children's kisses! Was this your tender mother-love, Mrs. Bruner, and your faith, George Vanderware! Then Heaven pity the one who has nothing surer to trust to!

She stood up at last by the low garden fence, her arm laid along the narow iron ledge and her forehead upon it. A very different picture, this, from that other one of the girl in cherry ribbons and dainty worked apron, with her lover by her side. Such a different picture!

"My little love! My little love!" The words haunted her thoughts still, not comforting now, but mocking, taunting her with the recollection of all she had lost. "Has it come to this, that I am caring for another woman's husband?" she severely asked herself. "I must never see him again if it can be avoided, for my own honor and my soul's peace I dare not. And yet, have I strength enough for this? Have I? God help me! I doubt! I doubt! Oh, mother, what have you done?" Ah me! I think the angels must have pitied her, so desolate as she was, with no help in heaven or earth.

She lifted her face at last—the weariest face you ever saw, but with a desperate resolve hardening and darkening in it. "If I were only out of this! Anywhere away from this place—anywhere out of the world!" A point of light struck suddenly upon something bright at her feet. Mechanically she stooped and picked it up. It was a pocket-knife, Roy's she knew, and the long, narrow, pointed blade was open. A strange thought came across her, and she made no effort to drive it back again. Just a little incision in her white arm, so easy to make, and in half an hour she would be beyond all this struggle and temptation.

Was it a suggestion of the Evil One, the arch-enemy who is always lying in wait for souls? She did not know. She hardly cared, I think. She unfastened her sleeve at the wrist, pushing it above the elbow, and sliding her fingers over the smooth surface in search of some proper spot to strike. Doing it, you understand, in a kind of mockery, but which had a vein of earnestness. If Mrs. Bruner had only known, or her brother Royal, laughing and talking so merrily indoors, that Nathalie was feeling she would like to go alone, there, to her death!

Are there many of us, I wonder—many of us women, I mean—who know what it is to stand face to face with death, even only as this girl was doing? Death of her own seeking. The bravest may well hold their breath when thinking of it. There she stood, the knife open, and passing her fingers over her arm. Suddenly the knife was taken from her. "Do you remember the old saying, that 'It's dangerous playing with edge tools?'"

Roy's hand and Roy's voice. He had been named "Leroy," after his father. But the word is a difficult one for English lips, and they had converted it into "Royal," oftener "Roy."

Did he understand what the open blade and bare arm meant? It was not easy to say. He had his mother's eyes—eyes that told nothing, save what their owner chose to reveal—and his tone was careless enough. The worst of course he did not fear, but he divined that she was strangely unhappy.

"So you have got back, Nathalie? I was thinking of coming down the road to meet you. I thought you might feel lonely, as it is so late."

Nathalie did not look at him or speak, and he stood there a moment drumming on the fence with his fingers—a boyish habit he sometimes had. Younger than Nathalie, he was yet tall and old for his years; a fine young man with some strength of will. Mrs. Bruner was already suspecting that he would not be long as tractable as he had been.

"Are you sick, Nathalie?" he asked, looking at her earnestly.

"No, not sick, Royal."

"Tired, then. Come indoors and rest."

"Yes. Here are some books and papers I brought for you from the post."

"Thank you, dear. Come along. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are here. They drove over from Ludlow this afternoon. Where do you think they are going, Nathalie? To California."

"To California!" she echoed. "What for?"

"Oh, Taylor has property out there. He means to take more out, settle there, and make his fortune. By his account, it must be an El Dorado. If it were not for all the land at home here, I might be tempted to go with them myself," he concluded, laughing.

Nathalie hardly heard his last words. She was thinking. To California! Why, that was at the other side of the world; and the next best thing to getting out of it altogether. Like a flash the thought came. She would go to California; would go with them if they would take her. She went into the parlor with her brother.

"Royal tells me that you are going to California," she observed, almost abruptly, after greeting Mr. and Mrs. Taylor.

"And so we are, Miss Nathalie, in less than a month's time."

"I should like to go with you. Will you take me as a fellow passenger?"

They treated the request as one of jest, and jestingly answered. Oh yes, of course they would, and take good care of her.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Taylor, "what would you do when you got there?"

"Live with my aunt," replied Nathalie. "You know, I think, that I have an aunt in San Francisco—my father's sister. She lost her own daughter, and has often said in her letters that she would give the world to have me."

Mrs. Bruner looked at Nathalie. There was a steadiness in the tone that almost seemed to indicate that the wild words were true.

"Don't be absurd, Nathalie," she sharply cried. "One might suppose you were in earnest."

"And if I am, mamma?"

"If you are?" scornfully repeated the mother. "If you were capable of being so mad, I should treat you as an infant, and lay my interdict upon you."

No more was said then. It was not time for it—as Nathalie saw. Nay, she knew that if this project were to be carried out, it would have to be concealed from Mrs. Bruner until the time of starting.

In a day or two Nathalie got Royal to drive her to Ludlow in their little carriage. He had business there, connected with the home farm. While he transacted it, she was at Mrs. Taylor's, talking earnestly to that lady and her husband. After that, she visited certain shops and places in Ludlow, gave sundry orders.

The weeks passed quickly away; the month was nearly at its end. Nathalie had seen George Vanderware but twice during that time. Once when, riding past the house, he had lifted his hat to her, regardless of Mrs. Bruner's stony stare, who stood by her at the gate. And once again when meeting her suddenly in the road one evening he had come up to her with outstretched hands and that look in his eyes that she was most of all afraid of, and she had glided away from him like a spirit, leaving him to wonder if Nathalie had really grown afraid of him. Well it was hard, only Heaven above knew how hard, for her to avoid him in that way. And all the while she was longing with a sick hunger; a hunger that was almost like death, for one sight of his face, one touch of his lips. Ah! weak heart! *so* weak, yet strong enough to renounce all.

Another day or two went by quickly, and all preparations were completed. Nothing now remained but to tell them of her purpose. She broke it to Royal first. And though the boy stormed at once—ay, and cried—Nathalie somehow won him over. He saw that she was resolved; and he knew that he had no power to detain her.

Mrs. Bruner's turn came next. She listened in cool incredulity.

"You must be an utter fool, Nathalie, to fancy, for a moment, I should allow anything of the kind. Don't you remember what I said the night Mr. and Mrs. Tayler were here?"

"I remember, mother. But I am going. All things have been made ready. We start from Mr. and Mrs. Tayler's house to-night. Our cabins are taken in the good clipper ship."

Quiet words, quietly spoken—but they struck Mrs. Bruner dumb for an instant. It was something new for her authority to be set aside in this way, and the underlying hardness of her nature came into her face.

"I forbid it, Nathalie. I am your mother, your rightful guardian. I shall prevent you from taking this imprudent step."

"No one can prevent me, mother. I am my own mistress."

Too true. Perhaps Mrs. Bruner had forgotten it. She was of age; she had the control of her own little fortune. They looked steadily into each other's faces, those two women; Nathalie's so grave and impassive, the mother's working a little. Mrs. Bruner was silent, seeing at last how useless all opposition must be. Nathalie was surely going, and it was out of her power to prevent it. It may be the thought came to her then how lonely the house would be when she was gone—the one daughter who had been with her always.

As for Roy, he had kept silence. Perhaps he remembered that night when he found Nathalie in the garden with his own knife in her hand, and that desperate look on her face, and remembering, was not so much surprised now. I believe, too, that he guessed more of the truth than Mrs. Bruner, with all her woman's intuition, had discovered.

Nathalie turned to him. "You will drive me to Ludlow, Royal?"

"I must speak to you first," he answered, with a sob of pain. "Come out here."

Drawing her beyond the range of Mrs. Bruner's keen eyes and hearing, he made her sit down in the warm sunlight. He was shaking all over as he took her hand between his two hands and bent down and kissed her—he had never done it since they were children.

"Little sister, is it best to go to the other side of the world in this way?"

What was it she saw in his glances that made her draw her arm up over his shoulder with a quick fond movement?

"I must go, Royal."

"To leave us all? To leave your home? To leave *me*?"

"Don't make the pain worse for me, Royal. Heaven alone knows what I have to bear. I *must* go. I shall love you and remember you always, Royal; my one good dear brother."

"Oh, stay! Nathalie, stay!"

"If I *could* have stayed Roy, I should never have wished to go."

The afternoon came on. Yes, her departure was all to sure. Nathalie was in her room putting her things on, and Royal was making ready for the drive, when Mrs. Bruner came in. For the space of five minutes there was utter silence. It was broken at last by Mrs. Bruner.

"It is all so strange and sudden."

"Not to me, mother. I have been preparing for weeks past."

"And did not tell me!"

"I knew you would oppose me. And it was easier to work without opposition."

"Will you tell me *why* you are going?"

She was kneeling on the floor, turning the key in the lock of a small trunk that would go with her. The rest of the luggage was at Ludlow. When it was done she stood up, and in all her life Mrs. Bruner had never looked upon a whiter face than Nathalie's was then.

"No, mother, I cannot tell you why I am going."

A horse's hoof were heard outside, and they mechanically turned to the window—a low window that stood open. It was George Vandeware. A small valise was strapped behind him, as if he were going a journey. He lifted his hat courteously.

Mrs. Bruner looked from one to the other. From the fine-looking horseman with his valise, to Nathalie in her traveling dress. A strange suspicion flashed into her mind: an unpardonable thought.

"Nathalie! Is George Vanderware going to California!"

Surely none would have asked it but Mrs. Bruner; and yet she did not mean to hurt her daughter so cruelly. She was half desperate herself, and did not pause to think. But Mrs. Bruner never forgot to her dying day, the expression on Nathalie's face when she heard it. Not pale, for she could not be whiter than she was before—not red, for the insult had gone too deep for that—but the *stricken* look of one "wounded unto death."

"No one but you, mother, would have asked me that question, George Vanderware is *not* going to California. I am going because I can not forget that I once hoped to be his wife." No anger or impatience in her tone, only that weary quiet.

I think Mrs. Bruner saw then the work she had wrought, as she will see it in the light of the judgment day.

The carriage was at the gate then, and Royal stood by it. Mr. Vanderware had reined in and was talking to him. Nathalie felt that Royal was telling of her departure. Mrs. Bruner saw it, too.

"My time is up, mother." What was there left for these two but to say good-bye, and part? one to stay, keeping the memory of what she had done with her for company; the other to wander afar, bereft of all bright hopes and aims, praying only that she might never again look upon the home she was leaving behind.

Nathalie went down, and Mrs. Bruner followed. The trunk was in; the horse was impatient. George Vanderware had alighted, and was waiting for her. As she went forward, he approached, as if to stop her. At Mrs. Bruner he never once looked: Mrs. Bruner who stood there half concious of a desperate hope that the man might have influence enough over Nathalie to prevent her going, at this, the eleventh hour.

Royal glanced round quickly. But if he were fearing some kind of scene, his fears were soon set at rest. George Vanderware's six-and-thirty years had taught him self-control; and besides—what could he do, with the best of wishes? He had married another, and so put power, in regard to Nathalie, out of his own hands.

The hand that she held out to him did not tremble. His own hands closed over it like a vice, and the strong, masterful face was full of the keenest remorse as he bent down to her, whispering hoarsely in her ear.

"Child, child! I never meant to do anything like this. You shall stay, and I will go."

She looked up at him, wearily. "No. You have your ties. And I—I want to get away from here—away from——"

"From yourself and me! I know. You are afraid of me. And yet I would not harm a hair of your head, my little Nathalie."

If at any time she had doubted the necessity of the step she was about to take, she doubted it no longer—for she felt in every surging pulse the power this man still had over her. He would not help her. They would none of them help her. She must fight the battle unaided, by herself, far away from them all.

"Remember me to your wife, Mr. Vanderware; we were friends once. And—good-bye. Good-bye, mother."

There were no tears or kisses at this strange parting; not much of outward emotion. But the hearts of some of them were weeping tears of blood.

Royal ascended to his place, and they drove away. She turned to look back at the house; at the pretty sloping garden; at the grass and flowers lying warm under the September sunlight. The dog, *her* dog that she had petted from a puppy, was looking through the bars of the iron fence, and those two human figures were still standing in the foreground, gazing after the carriage that was bearing her on swiftly. This was the last picture that she carried away with her.

And thus Nathalie Bruner and her breaking heart went out to exile. It was one of life's sad histories. Too sad, many of them, to be disclosed often to the world.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOTELS.—Colonel Hiram Fuller, editor of the London *Cosmopolitan*, who has travelled extensively in both continents, discusses the subject in this wise:—You may stay in an English hotel for twelve months and never make an acquaintance. If you should ignorantly venture upon a pleasant "good morning" you would be stared out of countenance; if you want to be shaved a barber must be sent for, and if you desire a bath, an unsightly tub must be hauled into your room. The orders for meals must be written like an editorial, and sent through a dozen servants before your meals reach you from the mystery of some subterranean cavern as cold as orthodox charity. The price of every dish is preposterously dear, and a knowledge of the German language is necessary to have any conversation with your servant. The smoking rooms of the English hotels, with few exceptions, remind you of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and engender asphyxia. The art of architectual ventilation is undiscovered. The civilization of a country is determined by its hotels. In the New World the hotel has reached its highest perfection, attests the civilization of a people. In New York a hotel is a "Home." In that democratic country you may presume to make acquaintance with the landlord, and may even salute a guest without fear of annihilation. The table is abundantly spread with the production of the four elements, and the guests eat, drink, and are merry. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper, are consecutively spread with luxuriant abundance. Bath-rooms are upon every floor, and attached to every suite of apartments barber-shops, reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, and billiard-rooms are a necessity. In the evening the parlors are the resort of the guests and their friends, forming a public *levee* for the interchange of the civilities of social intercourse. In America the steamboats are floating hotels, and the railway carriages are moving restaurants.

Reports from show managers say that less than the expected trouble has been caused by the Civil Rights bill. Generally the negroes have refrained from demanding admission to other parts of the theatres than those assigned them. In many instances the disapprobation of the of the audiences has induced negroes to withdraw after having been admitted to the parquets. In Atlanta a negro was greeted with cries of "Kill him!" "Put him out!" and the like; but he held his seat, while the din interrupted the performance. At length he was seized and violently ejected. In the Kentucky Legislature a bill has been introduced abolishing licenses for theatres and hotels, thus making them private institutions with the intention of rendering them not amenable to the new law. A pertinent bit of news is that John Jones, a wealthy Chicago negro who has held several public offices and is much respected there, has given a reception, to which many white men and woman of social position and refinement went.

A witty Englishman, who answered at the dinner at Concord, the other day, to the "Queen," said: "I wish to express my satisfaction in being here with you to-day and my equal satisfaction at having been absent a hundred years ago."

THE GREAT RACHEL.

A work recently published in Paris—"Madame de Girardin," by Imbert de St. Amand—gives a memoir of Rachel, contributed by her sister Sarah, from which it appears that the great *tragedienne's* path in childhood lay in harder lines than is generally known. She was one of sixteen children who all grew up to maturity. Her father was an Alsatian Israelite; and, what is rare among people of his race, an agricultural laborer. He scarcely knew a word of French, was gifted with a fine ear and tenor voice, and knew by heart Schiller's tragedies. The mother belonged to a higher respectable but impoverished Jewish family of Mulhouse. She heard her future husband as he was digging in her father's garden sing a song of Schiller, which so entranced her that she made up her mind, knowing her family would never consent to a marriage, to elope with him to Switzerland. They were married. Rachel was born at Mumf, in the canton of Argovie. When she attained her fourth year her father and mother returned to France with a pedlar's pack upon their backs and trudged from fair to fair, selling their merchandise. The children trotted by their sides as well as they could. A big St. Bernard dog, called *Mouton*, carried the one least able to walk. It was at Rheims that Rachel first showed signs of her calling. She and Sarah, who was a year older, saw in the inn some Italian children bring bagfuls of halfpence to their master, it occurred to the little Jewesses, who were very hungry and ill-clad, to go and earn some money by singing in the streets. They took *Mouton* as a body-guard. Sarah sang a song called "La Petite Mendiante," and Rachel a patriotic refrain. The former was pretty and interesting, and *sous* rained into her pinafore. The sisters brought back in high glee all they had earned to their father, who beat them severely for singing in the streets. A few days later, their mother, falling ill, he was glad of the resource offered by the little girls. For five years, when tramping from country town to town, they eked out an income, and often procured lodgings in snug barns for the whole family, in return for their dramatic and vocal entertainments. The dog assisted them wonderfully in procuring sympathetic hearers.

In 1830 their father came to Paris to set up a sort of Bazaar. He and his family lodged in a poor shanty behind the Hotel de Ville. Sarah and Rachel, in their ninth and tenth years, used to give open-air concerts in the square of the Town Hall, and in the Place de la Bourse. Their theatre was a hoop, which they placed upon two stools, and hung round with Venetian lamps. Within this they stood, their arms round each others' waist, singing and reciting "The Parisienne," "The Marseillaise," and other patriotic songs then popular. Rachel was a hideous little girl—very hoarse-voiced undergrown, lean, sallow, and taciturn. Her great emaciation made her hands and feet appear of monstrous length. She had a double row of upper teeth, which made her beautifully-formed lips appear coarse and deformed. These teeth were afterward drawn by the advice of Cheron the famous singing-master. He it was who gave the first opening to the girls. On a snowy day, he saw them thinly clad and unfortunate looking, singing in their illuminated hoop. The prettiness of Sarah, and the expression of energy in Rachel's ugly face, attracted him. On listening he discovered great dramatic power, and offered to teach them for nothing. At his death, three years later, they entered the Conservatoire, and had for professors, Samson and St. Aulair. It was their intention to become singers. Sarah obtained a lyrical prize; but Rachel's voice being husky, she devoted herself to tragedy. The first time the sisters appeared in public was at the Italiens, in the *duo* of "Phedre and Œnone" in one of Gluck's operas. To hide their Jewish origin, the manager announced them as the Demoiselles Sophie and Elizabeth St. Phelix, which so vexed Rachel that she refused at first to appear. Success did not crown their early efforts. Samson thought that Rachel would never rise above the level of a flower girl or first-class *figurante*.

After she had played a year for nothing at the Gymnase, she knocked at the door of the Francais, to which, with contumely, she was refused admittance. But for the generous interference of Mlle Mars this verdict would not have been rescinded. That renowned actress pitied the poor Jewess, and admired her quiet dignity of manner and resolute character. She also, contrary to the opinion of the rest of the Francais company, thought her endowed with dramatic genius. To give Rachel a good standing at that theatre, Mlle. Mars asked Jules Janin to go and hear her, and say what he could for her. He went, heard her, and was transported. The Debats article of the tenth of September, 1838, appeared on the following Monday. Madame Emile de Girardin, then a power of the French press, seconded Jules Janin. In a few weeks Rachel was the reigning favorite of the playgoing public, and welcomed in the drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain as a being raised up to save Racine from being trodden under foot by the romantic school of dramatists.

The art curiosities of the Philadelphia centennial will comprise a "Catholic Fountain," for which $40,000 have been raised by the Catholic Temperance Union of America. In the centre of the fountain will stand a colossal statue of "Moses Smiting the Rock," from which the water will flow into a marble basin, on the corners of which will be statues of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Bishop Carroll, of Maryland, the first American Commissioner to Canada; Commodore Barry, the "Father of the American-Navy," and Father Mathew. The central figure will be fifteen feet high, and the others nine feet. All will be made of bronze. The artist is Hermann Kerns, of Philadelphia. The Jews will erect an elegant group, the work of Ezekiel, a young Cincinnati sculptor, symbolical of "Freedom protecting Religion," while the Presbyterians are taking steps for the erection of a statue of Dr. Witherspoon. A great statue of William Penn is to be placed on George's Hill in the Park, whence it will be transferred to the dome of the city hall. The German societies have started subscriptions for a statue of Humboldt, and the Italians, unwilling to be outdone, will erect a figure of Columbus. Miss. Harriet Hosmer is busily engaged upon her great figure of "Emancipation," which she intends to bestow upon the community in commemoration of the freeing of the slave. Another great monument is a national one to "Liberty" a model of which has been prepared by W. W. Story.

The big clock and bell which will strike the dinner hour from the belfry of Independence Hall on July 4, 1876, cost $20,000, and are inscribed with the words: "Presented to the City of Philadelphia for the Belfry of Independence Hall, in the names of Adam and Mariah Sarah Seybert, and Caroline, their daughter, by their son and brother, Henry Seybert." They constitute the most costly obituary notice ever published in Philadelphia, and as fine a one as ever appeared outside of the columns of the *Ledger*.

A recent Hamlet proposing to play the part of the Danish Prince in a red cloak, inquired of a Shakespearian actor of the old school if he were justified in doing the same. "Red was the color of mourning in the royal house of Denmark," said the old actor. "But how do you get over this" persisted Hamlet, quoting, "'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother?" "Well," answered the venerable one, "I suppose that there is such a thing as red ink?"

At a camp meeting last summer, a venerable sister began the hymn—

"My soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise."

She began in shrill quavers, but it was pitched too high: "Ten thousand—Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her off at 5000!" cried a converted stock-broker present.

Gen. Butler, it is now asserted going into the stocking manufacturing business, having bought jointly with Col. E. C. Bailey, a mill privilege on the Contoocook River, with the intention of starting a stocking mill and a kit factory. Here's a fine chance for Democratic newspapers to crack jokes as to the purposes of safe deposit to which those stockings will be put.

A Gentleman, who owns a country seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

To cement metal to glass, mix two parts powdered white litharge and one part dry white lead into a dough with boiled linseed oil and lac copal. The metal is to be coated with the cement and then pressed upon the glass.

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A CHANCE FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

No principle was enunciated with more vehemence, during the Kansas-Nebraska struggle by the Democratic party, than what was then termed "Squatter Sovereignty." It at length became the Shibboleth of the party, and has ever since been one of its recognized principles. And we admit when it is not used to foist evil and wrong upon the state it is proper and right. What is Squatter Sovereignty? It is the right of the people in the municipality to make their own laws. Now, the opposition of the Republican party to the Squatter Sovereignty rule in Kansas was that it was intended to carry and establish a great wrong there. Nobody (government or individuals) have a right to do wrong. But "squatter sovereignty" to do right is wholesome doctrine. Then, if the Democratic party (and we especially call the attention of the able editor of the *Doylestown Democrat* to the point) will upon principle universally recognize and adopt, by putting it into their state platform, this Squatter Sovereignty—this Local Option—this right for every county to elect for themselves, whether whiskey shall or shall not be an article of traffic, they will do more to show their integrity a hundred times over than when by it they undertook to fasten a wrong upon the Territories of the west; and in our judgment they will add more strength to their party this fall than by any other policy they could adopt. If the influential editor of the *Democrat* will put his shoulder under the plank, we think he may place it in the platform, upon which he may stand with a confidence and steadiness that will allow no one to displace him.

A flood in the Garonne river in France, the reports of which were received on Friday and Saturday last, has caused great loss of life and property. At Toulouse alone the bodies of one hundred persons who were drowned were found in houses which were flooded but left standing. Many other people perished, and their bodies were carried off in houses that were swept away. In the St. Cyprian quarter 215 corpses have been found. The violence of the torrent frustrated the efforts to rescue the unfortunate inmates of houses, and several men were drowned in the attempt. 20,000 persons were deprived of the means of subsistence in Toulouse alone, and the disasters elsewhere are of almost equal magnitude. The lower part of the city of Moisaic, on the Tarn, was hidden under water. At Tremonillet, in the department of Ariege, five houses only remain standing out of 400. In the district of Faix, in the same department, two villages were completely submerged, and many bodies have been found. Crops of all kinds throughout the inundated districts have been destroyed. The damage to property by the inundations in the cities of Toulouse and Agen alone exceeds $24,000,000. The heaviest losses are in the departments of Haute Garonne and Lot et Garonne. The destruction done in the department of the Hautes Pyrenees is comparatively light. Contributions for the relief of the sufferers are pouring in from all parts of France, Switzerland and Belgium.

Will not the New York *Sun* refrain from focusing its rays on the "young editor's" "ponderous editorials" and "tall tower" of its next door neighbor, *The Tribune*? Positively this thing is getting monotonous, and besides it is unjust to Deacon Richard Smith, of *The Cincinnati Gazette*, who until lately has been bathing in the *Sun's* refulgent rays, to suddenly deprive him of so much light. Turn your attention to the Deacon and give Whitelaw a rest.

At the yearly business and religious meeting of the Friends held at Newport, R. I., on the 15th ult., it was announced that Henry M. Mosier of Brooklyn, N. Y. had bequeathed ten thousand dollars to be invested, and the proceeds to be used for printing books and tracts, including the principles of religion as taught by the Friends. The generous gift was accepted and a committee appointed to nominate three trustees to take charge of the bequest.

Rev. Gavin Long has instituted an action at Montreal to restrain the Managers of the Temporalities Board of the Presbyterian Church, in connection with the Church of Scotland, from dispossessing themselves of the sum of $588,000, otherwise than for the benefit of those who maintain their connection with the Church of Scotland. A similar action has been brought by Rev. Mr. Simpson against the Managers of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, which amounts to $73,000.

Mr. James Shay of Philadelphia was a poor engineer in Michigan a few days ago, and now he is a millionaire. His father, who was killed in the war, left a very valuable property, which was at once tied up in litigation. The son, with the pluck that is always sure to bring luck, instead of sitting down and sighing for the money, learned the trade of machinist and engineer, and was working faithfully when the suit was decided in his favor.

A storm lasting from Saturday until Monday night, did great damage in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Southern Illinois. Whole fields were flooded, the crops were damaged, fences, barns and houses were demolished, railroad bridges and culverts were washed away, live stock perished, a number of people were injured, and several are reported killed.

At Pittsburg, on Saturday, William S. Evans began suit for libel against William T. Kountz and the Mail Publishing Company, claiming damages to the amount of $25,000. The alleged libel was contained in an article in the Allegheny Mail of the 23d inst., which spoke of Evans and others as "living in luxurious style on money stolen from the Indians and the Government."

The Fourteenth Regiment New York National Guard, of Brooklyn, has decided to organize a veteran battalion to visit Philadelphia during the Centennial Celebration. It will consist of four companies of about 60 rifles each, making, with line, field and staff officers and band, about 300 men. Every man will be a veteran who served in the war for the Union.

The commencement of Lafayette College, at Easton, took place yesterday. Among those who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts were Andrew J. Sullivan and James W. Walker, of Philadelphia. President Cattell announced that a new Law Department would be opened in October.

Of sixty-nine hotels in New York, 24 have frame Mansard roofs, 39 have wooden cornices, 55 have unsafe gas-brackets, 25 have unsafe steam-pipes, 20 have unsafe flues, 40 have unsafe drying-rooms or laundries, and 61 have uncovered lights in basements.

Mortimer Thompson, better known as Philander Doesticks, a well-known journalist, died in New York on Friday, after a short illness aged 45.

The Democrats are not agreed on the money question. Ohio speaks for paper, and Maine goes for coin.

THE jury in the Tilton Beecher case have not yet agreed upon a verdict.

The Great Rifle Match—Victory for the Americans.

A dispatch from Dublin, dated June 29th says the Americans have won the match by a total of 967 to 929.

The weather during the morning was hazy, with a high wind blowing. The firing began soon after 11 o'clock in the morning, at the 800 yards range. A detachment of the Fiftieth Regiment acted as markers. The result was one point, in favor of the Irish team, the total scores standing as follows:

Americans, 337; Irishmen, 336.

The individual scores were as follows:

Americans—Gildersleeve, 56; Yale, 57; Fulton, 58; Coleman, 56; Bodine, 52; Dakin, 58. Total, 337.

Irishmen.—Wilson, 58; Hamilton, 56; McKenna, 52; Milner, 55; Johnson, 58; Pollock, 59. Total, 336.

The result of the 900 yards shooting was largely in favor of the Americans, the total scores being; Americans, 327; Irishmen, 292.

The following are the individual scores out of a possible 60:

American—Gildersleeve, 56; Yale, 52; Fulton, 57; Coleman, 48; Bodine, 59; Dakin, 55. Total, 327.

Irishmen.—Wilson, 50; Hamilton, 54; McKenna 44; Milner, 37; Johnson, 54; Pollock, 53. Total, 292.

The shooting at the 1000 yards range was remarkably fine on both sides. The contest at the 1000 yards range was won by the Americans by a score of 300 against 299 for the Irishmen.

The following is the individual scores at the 1000 yards range:

Americans—Gildersleeve, 52; Yale, 51; Fulton, 46; Coleman, 52; Bodine, 51; Dakin, 51. Total, 303.

Irishmen.—Wilson, 55; Hamilton, 51; McKenna, 53; Milner, 41; Johnson, 50; Pollock, 49. Total 299.

The number of persons who assembled to witness the shooting gradually increased, and by the hour the match closed there were fully 20,000 people on the ground. The victory of the American marksmen was hailed with tremendous enthusiasm.

A most enthusiastic ovation was given to the American team on their return from Dollymount to Dublin in the evening. A grand banquet in their honor was also given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, at the Mansion House. A large number of distinguished guests, including the Lord Mayors of London and York, were present. The Irish Riflemen admit the superiority of the Americans throughout the match, and acknowledge that the victory was fairly won.

In Franklin county, Me., recently, a freight train was brought to a standstill by caterpillars, and it was only by sanding the rails that it was able to go on. The caterpillars crawl out from the woods towards night and gather in large quantities on the rails, as they are warm. A foot each side of the rail was covered by the mutilated bodies of these pests. There is a strip of popular woods about half a mile long, a short distance from Farmington, and there cannot be found a single leaf upon a tree in the whole strip.

The assessors' report of the valuation of the real and personal estate of the State of New York, just made, and which is to be the basis of the next year's tax, shows an increase over the last previous valuation of a little less than $200,000,000. This is the largest increase ever known in that State. In Lewis county the increase is 174 per cent., and in Schuyler it reaches 212 per cent. There will be many speculations as to the causes of this apparent accretion to the wealth of the State.

Ordeo Davis, aged 52, a farmer of Herkimer county, New York, was found dead in his barn last Thursday morning, with his head nearly cut off. His son, aged 24, his wife and wife's sister, his nephew, aged 35, and a neighbor, named Adams, have been arrested for the crime. Davis had been cruelly neglected by his family during sickness, and his hands and feet were frozen last winter, through their neglect. His bed was in the barn, where his body was found.

A new coal machine, the invention of Dr. J. R. Hayes, "for pressing coal dust into fuel" was put in operation on Thursday at Harrisburg. "A ton of coal was made," by it "in six minutes." This is stated to be the first successful effort made in this country for the utilization of coal dust on a large scale; and the machine, which is described as "simple cheap and universally practicable," will, it is hoped, "add millions of dollars to the coal wealth of Pennsylvania."

A little child of Mr. George H. Fort, of Burlington, a few days ago pulled a pitcher of hot milk from a table, spilling the contents over its face, by which it was scalded so severely that it died soon after.

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Bought and sold on Commission.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals, received on favorable terms. 616

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(SUCCESSOR TO JACKSON & SLIFER)
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
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Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, July 1, 1875.

THERMOMETRICAL REPORT for the week ending Wednesday, June 30th.—Furnished by JESSE B. MEANS, as noted at Bristol Post-Office:

	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Th'sday, June 24	68	91	84
Friday, " 25	80	92	86
Saturday, " 26	82	95	91
Monday, " 28	80	91	88
Tuesday, " 29	70	81	70
Wed'day, " 30	75	84	81

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 9.00, A. M., 3.30 and 6.00 P. M.; Arrives 8.00, A. M., 4.30 and 8.00, P. M.

NEW YORK—Closes 8.30, A. M., 3.30, 6.00 P. M. Arrives 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Closes 7.15, 8.30, A. M., 3.30, P. M. arrives 10.00, A. M., 4.30 and 7.00 P. M.

PRINCETON, NEW BRUNSWICK, RAHWAY, ELIZABETH, NEWARK and JERSEY CITY, closes 8.30 A. M., 3.30 P. M.; arrives 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10.00, A. M., 6.00, P. M arrives 9.45, A. M., 8.00, P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE, HULMEVILLE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN, PINEVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10.00, A. M; arrives at 9.45, A.M.

SORTS.

POTATO BUGS are numerous, and the army worm has made its appearance in wheat and timothy fields.

A TREE in the yard of Mrs. Halzell on Walnut street, near Pond, was struck by lightning last Monday night.

REV. WILLIAM M. DALRYMPLE, formerly pastor of the Bristol M. E. Church, died at Port Richmond last Sunday.

THE Farmers' National Bank will be closed next Monday, it being the legal 4th of July. Notes and bills due on that day should be paid on Saturday.

JAMES SANDS, living near Doylestown, Pa., was killed by lightning on Tuesday evening, while sitting at an open window. He was 62 years of age.

THE fifth annual excursion of the Knights of Pythias and the Red Men of Bristol will take place on the 7th of August. The excursionists will go to Long Branch.

ON Saturday, July the 2d, the Actives of Bristol, play the 8-56-5 of Burlington, on the Actives ground. On Monday they play the Willows of Philadelphia, at Bristol.

THE Newtown *Enterprise* says that a young woman living with Josiah S. Worstall, in that borough, became sick last week by inhaling the fumes from a vessel of dead potato bugs, on which she had poured some hot water.

THE new truck being constructed for the America Hose, Hook and Ladder Company, by by Wilson Randall, is about completed. It is well and substantially made, presents a fine appearance, and is a credit to the superior workmanship of the builder.

THE open air services, given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., began last Sunday in the grove on Pond street. Addresses were made by Revs. Perkins, Harden and Cook. Services will be held every Sunday at the same place throughout the summer.

ON Wednesday morning of last week the barn of Wm. C. Vanzant, of Morrisville, was destroyed by fire. One horse was so badly burned that it had to be afterwards killed. A threshing machine was also consumed. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The property was fully insured. Trenton firemen were soon on the ground, and prevented the flames from communicating to other buildings.

THE army worm, which has just made its appearance in this vicinity, devastates a field in an incredible short period of time. The heads of wheat, rye, and other grain are stripped as clean of kernals, by these pests of the farmer, as though they had been threshed. The remedy to prevent the spread of the army worm is to thoroughly ditch around the field, making the sides of the ditches perpendicular.

FOUR Bristol ladies had their pockets picked yesterday, while attending the funeral of the Rev. Wm. Dalrymple, at Port Richmond. The sums taken varied in amount from $2 to $6. Mrs. J. Merrick Brown, Mrs. Martha Turner, Mrs. Elias Carr and Mrs. Miller were the victims. Mrs. Turner had with her two pocket-books, one of which contained between forty and fifty dollars, which fortunately remained in her posession.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, June 30, 1875: R. B. Alexander, John Casey, Mary Carran, Lucy Chapman, Mary J. Ellis, John Gallagher, Harry Haab, Fred. Hardt, C. A. Johnson, Michael Keating, Josephine Lincoln, Miss N. Linville, Caroline Morton, Ellen Mulligan, Grace McCary, Michael McLoughlin, Miss L. Newton, Nellie Nevegold, M. Pray, Dr. Potts, Daniel Sippitt, Susan Steinbaker, Margaret Stackhouse, S. Tucker, Susan Wilson, J. P. Wren.

ON Friday morning last, Amos Stradling, son of C. Y. Stradling, of Oxford Valley, was returning from Attleboro', when about a mile from home the young man got out of the wagon to arrange something about the harness when the horses suddenly started, pulling the lines out of his hands, and ran furiously down through the village, past their home about a mile on the Tullytown road, where they were caught. No damage was done except breaking the wagon tongue, and a trifling injury to one of the horses legs.

THE first game of base ball for the championship of Bucks county was played last Saturday, between the Actives of Bristol and Nationals of Attlebore' on the grounds of the latter. The Actives were victorious by the following score:

Active.	O.	R.	National	O.	R.
Rue, c. f	1	4	Lacompt, 2 b	3	1
H. Wright, 1st b	3	1	Terry, c	3	1
Ahlee, c	2	2	F. Black, s s	5	0
Doble, s s	3	3	Hall, 3 b	3	0
Johnson, b	5	1	Walton, c f	3	0
Winder, r. f	2	2	Frishmuth, l f	3	1
Joyce, l f	5	1	Snowden, 1st b	4	1
G. Wright, 2 b	1	3	J. Black, r f	1	1
Downing, p	5	1	Vandegrift, p	2	2
	27	18		27	7

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Active	0	2	4	0	5	4	2	0	1	18
National	1	1	1	3	0	0	0	0	1	7

Umpire H. H. Benler.
Scorer C. Bingham of the Union B. B. C.

Festival at Oxford Valley.

A correspondent from Oxford Valley informs us that the Strawberry Festival held in the Hall at Oxford Valley, by the Methodist Sunday School on the evenings of June 23d and 24th, was quite a success. The hall was crowded with a liberal and appreciative audience, as is evidenced by the entire sale and consumption of all the good things prepared by the committee for the gratification of those attending the meeting. The receipts of the two evenings exceeded eighty dollars. A very pleasant time was had, each one appearing to partake of the general hilarity and enjoyment, nothing occurring to mar the festivities of the meeting. The hall was granted gratuitously for the meeting as it usually is on such occasions. The Sunday School, after defraying all expenses, realized nearly fifty dollars, a sum sufficient to make a large addition to their library, besides other et ceteras for their school. The committee who made the arrangements and did the work, are entitled to much praise for the efficient manner in which they performed their duties, as it was mainly owing to their untiring exersions that the affair proved such a complete success.

The estimate at present of the crop of peaches for this season is somewhat larger than the one made a few weeks ago. It is now fixed at from seven to eight millions of baskets, double the number ever gathered in Delaware and Maryland. This estimate is based upon the fact that about one million of new trees are in bearing for the first time, and that the usual average of two baskets generally gathered from a tree will be increased this year to three.

Doylestown and Vicinity.

On Wednesday evening, the 23d, the annual commencement of Linden Seminary was held in Lenape Hall. Although the heat was very oppressive, the attendance was one of the largest ever in the hall. The graduates were ten in number, and were dressed in pure white, with long *traines* that gracefully swept before admiring eyes. The exercises commenced with a short prayer by the Rev. R. L. Gerhart, of Reigelsville. The Principal then introduced the graduates of the year. The next thing on the programme was a piano solo by Miss Minnie Dodgson, of Philadelphia, and the ability she displayed in the rendering of it won for her the admiration of the audience. The salutatory on "Genius" was then read by Mary R. Cox, of Buckingham, the composition of which showed remarkable thought and study, and it was read with clear distinctness. The members of the vocal class sang the "Carnival of Venice." Mary Finney, of Doylestown, followed with an essay on "Light," and Rosa B. Lear one on "Words in Earnest." She spoke of deceit, and condemned those who practice it as violating a rule of true politeness. A song entitled "Who's at my Window," was sung by Mary R. Cox. An essay on "Mental Power" was read by Carrie S. Stavely of Lahaska. Essay—"Golden Threads," by Minnie Dodgson of Philadelphia. A quartette from the vocal class sung "Joyous Peasants." Essay on "Lost Images" by Fanny Eisenhart of Doylestown, and one on "Florence Nightingale" by Nellie Barlette of Colorado. A song entitled "Il Bacio" was well rendered by Ella Heist of Doylestown. Essay on "Night," written by Flora Snyder, was read by Hannah Stover, on account of the illness of the composer. Essay—"Monday Morning," by Sallie Swartz of Line Lexington. Piano solo by Minnie Dodgson. Then followed the alumnæ essay by Lydia Swartzlander of Doylestown, on the "Influence of Literature. Song—"Killarney," by Rosa B. Lear. Miss Carrie Loeb of Doylestown, read an essay on "Hidden," with the valedictory. She spoke of the many happy hours spent by them at Linden Hall, striving to obtain strength for their immature minds, and "now that our ship is to be launched upon the waters, may we always possess that demeanor and presence which can only proceed from such as are truly pure, good and loving, and trusting in God as our Helmsman, pray that He may steer us aright and keep the waters calm." Mr. Sheip, one of the principals, then conferred diplomas upon the following graduates: Mary R. Cox, Mary Finney, Rosa B. Lear, Minnie Dodgson, Carrie Stavely, Fanny Eisenhart, Sallie Swartz, Flora Snyder, Nellie Barlette and Carrie Loeb, after which he spoke parting words of encouragement to them, to prepare for the future with honorable motive, in order to live a life of success. The boquets that were distributed among them were very fine, some beautifully arranged into floral baskets. The quantity some received was large, showing the admiration with which their friends regarded their parts during the evening.

The annual commencement exercises of the Doylestown English and Classical Seminary were held in the chapel of the seminary building last Thursday, June 24. The day was very warm, and long before the hour appointed crowds of people were wending their way toward the school and its shady grove. At 2 o'clock the entertainment was opened by an instrumental solo by Miss Amy Warbasse of Philadelphia. After the reading of a Psalm by the Principal, Benjamin Smith, an oration, "The Era Before us," was delivered by Geo. B. Evans of Colmar. The orator commenced by welcoming the friends and patrons of the institution, who are very numerous, and who must be friends indeed if close attention on a sultry day in a crowded room is any indication. He spoke of the importance to us of the era before us, the wide field it presented reaching to eternity, and concluded by exhorting his classmates and hearers to so live that the coming era shall be a golden one for them. Next on the programme was a chorus—"Up Away," by the vocal class. After which an essay on "Leaves," by Sallie Williams of Erwinna, followed by an oration—"The Demands of Catholicism upon our Public School Funds," by Anson B. Jenkins of Montgomery. Instrumental solo by Mary E. Trego. Oration—"Truth," by C. B. Hough of Carversville, and one on "Compulsory Education" by W. H. Worthington of Forestville. A piano solo by Nina Hall of Philadelphia. Essay on "Work" by Maria Laverall. Oration on "Incentives to Civilization," by H. G. Broadhurst of Buckingham. Instrumental solo by Fanny R. Parkhurst of Massachusetts. An oration—"The Farmer," by Joseph Barnsley of Jenkintown, and another—"Capital *versus* Labor," by Edward St. Campbell of Doylestown. Music—"Herdsman's Home," by the vocal class. An essay on "Thought and Language" by Mary Morrison of Spring Valley, with valedictory. Then followed the conferring of diplomas by the Principal. The alumni oration, entitled "Our Political Peril," was delivered by Henry S. Murfit of Doylestown. The entertainment was closed by the vocal class singing the "Evening Hymn." Considering the warm, dry weather, we are at a loss to know where all the boquets came from which rewarded the efforts of the various participants.

Jacob Huber, of Hilltown, was arrested upon the oath of Louisa Poble, charging him with threats to kill her, the informant. He was bound over in the sum of five hundred dollars to appear at the September court.

A game of base ball was played on Saturday last between the Star Club of Wrightstown and the Lenape Club of this place, which resulted in the following score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Lenape	0	0	1	2	3	2	0	1	0	9
Star	0	3	0	3	0	0	2	2	0	10

Newportville Notes.

The potato bugs seem to be leaving as mysteriously as they came. Reports from all sections in this vicinity are to the effect, with two or three exceptions, that very little or no damage has been done. The potato crop promises to be the finest for a long time.

Mr. Jacob Bowman and A. J. Brown, residing near this town, hearing that gas lime was good for killing bugs and would help to make a good grass crop, put a liberal supply on their fields which resulted in destroying Mr. Bowman's potato vines and Mr. Brown's grass.

William Berry had his hand, and Joseph Farrah his eye poisoned by handling potato bugs. They suffered very much, but are now convalescing. It is reported that two men—one in Tullytown and the other in Bustleton have died from the effects of potato bug poison; but I think it is doubtful.

'Squire Fetter expects to have his house finished this week,—a number of men are now engaged in repairing it.

The public school examination took place in Newportville, June 30th. It is to be hoped that the late incumbents will be chosen for another year.

The individual who sold liquor at Schenck's station, last winter, without license, and was exposed by your paper, is now rusticating in Fort Purdy, awaiting his trial, which will come off next court.

Mr. C. Brown has greatly improved his residence by a new fence, and other improvements.

At the intersection of the Newportville and Bristol road and Helltown road Mr. J. C. Pennock, proprietor of the Keystone stock farm, has placed a finger board with directions to his place.

The rain came down in torrents Tuesday night; about three inches fell which makes it the heaviest rain we have had for twenty-two months.

The five days immediately preceding June 20th, were the warmest June days on record. The thermometer averaged 94½° for the five days, at 3 P. M. in the shade, and reached at one time, 98°.

Moderation is the line of perfect taste.

Hulmeville and Vicinity.

The closing exercises of Bellevue Institute, Attleboro', were held on Thursday afternoon, June 24th. The halls and school-room were filled by friends and patrons of the school.

The exercises were of the usual character, and performed in a manner pleasing to all. The following is the programme: Chorus, "Oh, hail us ye free;" the Salutatory Address, "Gentle Influences," was delivered by Mary Cunningham, of Newtown. Piano duet, Mary K. Williams, Sallie Gillingham. Recitation, "Kathleen," Gracie Pryor, Attleboro'. French Song. Essay, "Coral Builders," Mary K. Williams, Branchtown, Pa. Piano Solo, Fannie M. Walton. Recitation, "The song of steam," Edith Cunningham, Newtown. Vocal, Solo "Flower Song," May Lovett, Attleboro'. Essay, "The Mountains and Valleys of Life's Continent," Laura W. White, of Newtown. Piano duet, Gracie Pryor, Emma Walling. Recitation, "Francaise," Mamie Loring, Great Barrington, Mass. Vocal duet, Fannie M. Walton, Mamie R. Harrison. Piano Solo, May Lovett. Essay, "Then cometh the end," Emilie Havens, of Philadelphia. Piano Solo, Minnie R. Harrison, Hulmeville. Recitation, "The city of the Living," Louisa Goheen, Doylestown. Semi-chorus and solo, "Who shall be Fleetest?" Vocal quartette, "Charity," Mattie E. Knight, Sarah Flowers, Minnie R. Harrison, Alma H. Sager. Essay—"Within and Without," Fannie M. Walton, Wilmington, Delaware. Organ and Piano duet, May Lovett, Lizzie G. Tomlinson. Vocal solo, Mattie E. Knight, Attleboro.' Valedictory essay, "Mystery," Alma H. Sager, Neshaminy. Piano solo, Emilie Havens. Address to the graduates and presentations of certificates and diplomas. Songs to the graduates, words by Mrs. E. F. Seal. Alumnæ Address by R. Emma Trego, Philadelphia. Chorus, "God ever Glorious."

Last week, Henry Oeste, while at work on the dam, was struck on the head by a large stone, which was being swung around by the derrick, inflicting a severe, though not dangerous wound. Wm. Potter, who was also injured a short time since, has so far recovered as to be able to walk out with the aid of crutches.

Workmen are engaged in repairing the dam at Newportville, which was damaged by the breaking up the ice in February.

The farmers and others of this neighborhood are complaining of the potato bugs. Wm. Berry, who farms Caleb N. Taylor's place, was poisoned a few days ago, while picking the "bugs" from the vines, by their coming in contact with his hand which was cut. The best fields of corn which we have noticed between Hulmeville and Bristol is on the farm of Jas. King in Bristol township; and the best field of oats on a lot of Jas. Rue's in Hulmeville.

County Superintendant Eastburn is engagad in holding teachers' examinations through the lower end of the county.

On Tuesday afternoon, the citizens of Hulmeville were startled by a very loud noise, which came from the quarry at the dam. It (the blast) caused the windows and doors in some of the houses to rattle, while stones were thrown a great distance.

On Tuesday, the Fourth of July will be celebrated by a meeting in Harrison's yard, at six o'clock P. M., to be preceded by a "*tub race*" on the Neshaminy Creek, at three o'clock P. M., in which some of our young men desirous of fame, will take part.

The heavy rains of Monday and Tuesday evenings, have sunk deep into the ground, doing great good to the crops, and settling the dust; but not cooling the air much. There was every indication of a high creek, after the rain, but the ground was too dry to allow the water to run off, and this, no doubt, was the reason that the water is as low as ever.

Warminster Notes.

George Ramsey, a well known and retired gentleman of Hartsville, started last week on a trip to California.

On Saturday last, Benjamin Vancleve, J. P., issued a warrant for the arrest of Annie, wife of George Brown, of Warminster, founded on oath of her husband, and charging her with threats to kill him and inflict other injuries.

The Directors of the Hatboro' National Bank have appointed a watchman for the bank at nights.

At Goentner's Grove there are excursions from the city Sabbath schools almost daily, and country picnics sometimes during the evenings.

Johnsville is now supplied twice a week with bread and cakes of choice quality, by Palmer & Eisenbry, of Hatboro', Montgomery Co.

A festival will be held at the Hatboro' Baptist Church, on Monday afternoon and evening next. Music will be furnished by the Hatboro' Brass Band.

Derrick H. Hart, of Hartsville, had a valuable cow to go astray about two weeks ago.

At the Prospect Hill School, Warminster, a well has been dug and a pump put in. It is an improvement which has been badly needed for many years.

George Yerkes & Son are engaged in furnished stone for the new county bridge, which is now being built on the County Line Road, one mile south of Davisville.

The mercury was upwards of 100 degrees above zero in Warminster on Friday and Saturday last.

THE soldiers' monument at Beverly was formally unveiled on Monday in the presence of a large concourse of the military and distinguished civilians. It was about half-past ten o'clock when the military began to arrive. The first troop of City Cavalry of Philadelphia came up on the steamer John A. Warner, and at eleven o'clock the Seventh National Guard, State of New Jersey, arrived from Trenton, and forming at the depot, marched to the point of rendezvous, a breezy shaded green near the river, greeted by the citizens, whose houses were handsomely decorated. Soon after arrived the Third, Fourth and Sixth Regiments, and a display of cavalry.

At one o'clock the military was reviewed in a fine open space a short distance from the cemetery. In half an hour Gov. Bedle, Gen. Perrine, ex-Senator Cattell, ex-Gov. Joel Parker, Gen. Dana, and others mounted the stand.

Dr. Pugh of Burlington announced that on behalf of the commissioners he was about to present the monument to the state authorities. He said that the day was the anniversary of the battle of Monmouth, and that it was a fitting time for such a scene as this, in view of the near approach of the Centennial year of American independence. At the conclusion of the Doctor's remarks the statue was unveiled. It is a beautiful column of white marble, sixty-five feet in height, including the surmounting statue of a soldier at "rest." A shower of small flags fell from the figure at the moment of unveiling. The tablets near the base have implements of war, an appropriate inscription, the state arms and national shield all in relief, above which is a circle of spears encircled with bands decorated with stars. From this rises a plain octagon shaft to the figure at the top. After the firing of guns and martial music had ceased, Dr. Pugh formally presented the monument to Gov. Bedle, who responded in a speech of some length, and was followed by ex-Gov. Parker and others.

Three bushels of potato bugs were gathered from a four acre patch on the farm of Samuel Horner, Stockton township, Camden county, a few days ago. Two men were engaged in the work. It is observed that high and dry localities are less subject to the ravages of the bugs than low and moist places. It is also observed that while ducks and chickens will not touch them, turkeys and crows eagerly devour the pests.

The Secretary of War has given notice to 83 Congressmen to nominate candidates to fill vacancies in the Military Academy, now existing or to occur in June of next year. Of the Congressmen notified, ten are Pennsylvanians.

NO PROTECTION YET.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I am not in favor of paying $60 a plug for water, nor even $50.

To me the charges of the Water Company are exhorbitant and unreasonable, yet as a citizen and voter I want light, and am open to conviction; I was therefore surprised and grieved that the Council should have been willing, on the motion of Councilmen Pike, to have reconsidered and voted down the fair and reasonable resolution of Councilmen Hoguet.

Resolved, That the consideration of the proposals offered by the Water Company be laid over for the present, and that Council meet with the Board of Directors of said company for conferrence."

What reasonable objection, Mr. Editor, can there be to the course here pointed out?

Certainly, the nine councilmen who voted in the negative are judicious and fair, as well as honorable men.

Do they not want light, and are they not like the writer, open to conviction?

Why not accept the offer of the Water Company, so politely and kindly expressed?

"The Board will be happy to explain to the Water Committee the reasons that have urged them to adopt the stated figures, *at any time they may desire.*"

To say the least of it, it would have been more in accordance with the position and character of public officers to have been willing to meet the Directors in the spirit which is here indicated.

No harm could possibly have resulted from it—it would not have compromised their dignity as councilmen; on the contrary, much good might have resulted from it.

The Directors might have been able to satisfy them that it was not the desire of the Water Company to make money out of the Borough, as has been alleged, but to furnish the water at a rate which would be just and reasonable to the Borough and the Company, and surely, Mr. Editor, neither the Council nor the citizens desire anything more than this, and now a word to the wise.

A very sick man feeling the need of medical advice, sent for two learned physicians—they came, examined the patient, but unfortunately fell to disputing about the case. The poor man, suffering and exhausted, looked at them patiently, and lifting his head exclaimed: "While you are disputing I am dying."

A CITIZEN.

[Perhaps the statement to the Burgess and Council of Councilman Hoguet, who is also one of the directors of the Water Company, led the members to infer that a conference with the Directors would accomplish nothing. The object expressed by the Directors in stating their willingness to meet with the Water Committee of Council was not a general canvas of whole subject to see whether some satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at, but simply that they might explain to the Water Committee the reasons why they adopted the price they named for plugs. An elucidation of the figures was all that Director Hoguet could promise council, and after he had fully explained the same to the Burgess and Council, it was deemed unnecessary to appoint a conference merely to hear it repeated. ED.]

During the storm on Sunday afternoon, the lightning struck the Allen School, at Allen's Corner, N. J. The building is situated about two miles from Hightstown. At 4.30 P. M., when the Sunday-school teachers and scholars were assembled, the lightning struck the chimney, and descending entered the room through the open fire-place. Thomas Hewlit, son of James Hewlit, a farmer at Allen's Corner, about twenty-five years old, was engaged at the time in distributing tracts, and was passing in front of the fire-place as the electric fluid entered. It struck him, killing him instantly. It appears to have first struck the upper part of his face, and descended, passing down his body. His face was scorched, his beard burned off, his clothing and boots ripped or torn open. There were about thirty teachers and scholars in the room, some of whom were more or less injured, and all terribly shocked and alarmed. The ceiling was thrown down by the force of the stroke, the chimney fell into the room, and the front of the building was shattered. Fortunately the building did not take fire. Dr. Wilbur of Hightstown was sent for, and hastening to the spot attended to those requiring medical assistance.

The New York *Sun* writes thus of the "Schuylkill Fishing Company": This is the oldest social club in America, having been organized in May, 1732. They own two acres of land, pleasantly situated on the river, with a spacious kitchen and dining-hall. Some of the chairs and utensils are more than a hundred years old. An immense pewter platter has the coat-of-arms and Latin motto of William Penn. This venerable relic has been lost or stolen several times, and was once found in a fisherman's seine. The officers of the club include a Governor, Council, and Coroner. Only 25 members are allowed, with usually five apprentices. No servant has anything to do with cooking the food. Lawyers, physicians and merchants are seen arrived in long aprons, cooking beefsteaks, roasting pigs, "planking shad," &c. The fire is built of four-feet hickory logs. When LaFayette dined with the Club he helped to clean the knives, and more recently guests have made themselves useful by squeezing lemons and shelling peas.

If accounts from Rio Janeiro be true Brazil has fairly equalled, if not outdone, our own commercial adventures in the matter of banking fraud and collapse. The manager of the German-Brazilian Bank is said to have "gone up" in such an explosion that he leaves absolutely next to nothing behind. The bank loses the snug sum of $2,500,000, and a general breakage of smaller houses seems to have followed. The account says that the mismanaging "manager" did "all sorts of bad things."

The extensive rolling mill of Hoover & Sons at Norristown, resumed operations last week, after having been idle nearly two years. The puddlers have agreed to work on the four dollar basis to fill a contract order for one hundred thousand tons.

Five thousand casks of liquor and 35 houses, in Dublin, Ireland, were destroyed by fire on the night of the 18th ult. Three persons have died from the effects of drinking whiskey at the fire, and 17 are in the hospital from the same cause.

The building of the Watson Bridge Works, at Paterson, N. J., was destroyed by fire early Tuesday morning. The fire commenced on the third floor, used as a silk factory. The loss is estimated at $200,000.

Among other contributions which Italy will make to the Centennial Exposition will be iron bedsteads and other articles of furniture, artistically worked and by a new system of painting, perfectly imitating rosewood.

The 100th anniversary of Washington's assumption of the command of the American army, under the Old Elm on the Common, in Cambridge, July 3d, 1775, is next in the order of centennial celebrations.

Columbus, Ga., has already 35,000 cotton spindles running, with another mill of 15,000 spindles in process of construction. These are owned by southern capital.

Lady Franklin, wife of the great Arctic explorer, lies dangerously ill in London, and has requested the churches in America to offer prayers for her.

Rear Admiral John DeCamp, a distinguished naval officer, who has seen forty-three years of active service, died last Thursday at Burlington, N. J., aged 64.

The Secretary of the Treasury will sell $1,000,000 in gold on each Thursday during July, making a total of $5,000,000 for the month.

George W. Pemberton, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Margaret E. Bingham, at Boston, was sentenced Tuesday to be hanged.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

"KNICKERBOCKER PICNIC."

New York, June 29, 1875.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—On Thursday, the 24th of June the sprightly little tug "H. W. Edge," owned by Hans Van Valkenburger, puffed up alongside the good Dutch barge "Annie Vanblankenbeuren," around the nose of the head of Manhattan Island, 129th street below the bridge that connects Westchester county with New York.

The day was hazy hot with an Indian Summer appearance, and the motley groupe of little and big Knickerbockers betokened a keen interest in the annual expedition of the great Knickerbocker picnic that set sail yearly for a trip up the Sound. Gathering from all directions and coming in all the colors of the rainbow, these little and big "Van's," chattering the lingo of ancient Holland, lugging baskets containing the beverages and provender of good Dutch larders, clambered over the gang plank and settled upon some easy position for the jaunt.

The expedition left the grain elevator at 9.30, 1200 seconds behind the appointed time for heaving off, and then did the merry shouts ring in the Summer morning.

Prominent among the motley throng was the venerable Dr. Van Mandeville, the esteemed and loved pastor of the oldest Dutch Church in the 12th ward, who circulated through the main deck and ladies' cabin, and spoke kind words to all.

The barge was something like Washington Irving's Dutch ship that Hendrick Hudson first came over on: "nice and wide and heavy in the poop." A large cable rope attached to the tug was drawn taut by the heavy weight behind, and as the curling smoke melted heavenward from the iron lungs of the goodly tug, the broad bottomed barge glided through the salty water of the East river, with her precious freight of children, men, maidens and youths, and quietly steamed away from the spires and blocks, wharves and thoroughfares of the old Dutch village, on a day's recreation up the sound. Steamers and yachts, wherries and outriggers crossed our path, and salutation after salutation after salutation was exchanged as we "doubled the horn" at the lower end of Randall's Island, and crossed the ugly rocky channel of Little Hell Gate. The green foliage quivering in a gentle breeze the serpentine shores of Long Island curved with verdure, little express the description, for all along the route were pleasant little surprises in beautiful little bays, cores and inlets, stately summer villas and mansions with greenswards closely sheared, private yachts and sailing craft moored, awaiting the evening twilight and the experienced hand to navigate. We passed through the group of islands known as Four Brothers, and pulled away past Fort Schuyler and Fort Willets into the broad open sound whose waters wash the shores of the old Dutch colony, whose posterity praise and eulogise as the new land of promise. On board we had nearly a thousand souls, and two hundred baskets that were stowed away below decks as ballast, which later in the day were restowed. The Union Home Band opened the ears of the children. The members consisted chiefly of boys who had been blown around the world like a stray maple leaf until they found lodgment in the Union Home, 51st street. They discoursed some fine strains such as "Mulligan Guards," "What are the Wild Waves Saying, Sister," "Coming It Over the Rye," and "We Wont Go Home Until Morning." There was no dancing on the barge as all the room was taken up. After conversing with Captain Taylor on the weather and looking over the clerk at his work on the log, Carton and the writer went aloft to the pilot-house, (by request), and there we found to our surprise the Doctor, who was spinning yarns with the pilot. We remember but one, and that was of an Englishman and a Yankee on board a Cunarder at sea. Englishman very sea-sick. Yank O. K. Englishman says to Yankee, "You know this blasted water upsets me?" Long slim Yankee says "Yes." Englishman says, "My friend, I see you never get sea-sick. I will give you ten pounds if you will let me into your secret for prevention." Says Yank. "Plank over." Englishman planks. Yank says, "Go to sea for twenty-five years as I have done, and you will never throw up ballast." The pilot roared and pulled lively at his wheel. The Doctor enjoyed his joke, and Carton at once made up his mind to join the Dutch Reformers, for they are so awful jolly.

At this juncture from the rear hatchway a ringing laugh came up, and a couple of young ladies with attendants sprang up on the hurricane deck. Our fun was spoiled, our little select party was broken. The pilot grew serious, and the Doctor meditative. Why was all this? Simply because woman was out of place. This innovation was uncalled for. Carton wanted to descend, but we had no party to join, we belonged to no strata of that peculiar society. We did not wish to intrude and be treated as rough as a nutmeg grater. The objective point of our journey was nearing. The band was playing something from Meyerbeer. All at once "Land ho!" came from the starboard watch, and Oriental Grove with her jungle of trees and sparsity of grass, and huge pavilion, was reached.

We descended the barge's side, and, by request were invited to partake of brown bread by as handsome a blonde as ever wore curl papers.

Two members of the blonde's party, by request, hoped that the blonde would not bring Carton to their table. The writer hoped so too, for we had seen Carton in another state on another occasion create consternation if not famine. The two friends of the said party stole away to lay the cloth, and the boys went to the shooting gallery, where air guns made sad havoc at wooden targets in the shape of eagles, birds, &c.

The children scattered far and wide through the wood. The boys organized a game of ball, and the maidens danced upon the turf. We ate, drank, and were merry,—boated, swung, shot, balled, danced, strayed through the sombre woods, echoed over the valleys, gathered wild flowers and rugged health, and at the shrill whistle of the tug, sun-burned and bronzed, tired and worn out by the gaities and incidents of the day, the Knickerbocker picnic boarded the barge and steamed back to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," when, overcome with heat, we soon sunk in slumber, with dreams of golden hair, pretzels and orange blossoms floating around us. JOE JOGGS.

Barnum's balloon, which left Toronto on Wednesday afternoon, was picked up by a vessel next day, five miles off Point Petera, on Lake Ontario. All the men on board were safe. They report having suffered great hardships, being in the water four hours, clinging to the basket of the balloon.

☞ Paris Green kills potato bugs. For sale at Dr. Pursell's.

☞ Thermometer at 98 and still rising and plenty of ice cream at Jackson's.

☞ Mixtures 20 and 30 cents per pound at Jackson's fruit and confectionery emporium.

☞ Webster still lives and lives to kill, and kills to live at the great Centennial market, next to Vanzant's cash store

☞ James Johnson, at Andalusia landing, is prepared to serve the public on Sundays, with ice-cream and confectionery.

☞ Fire works at Jackson's selling cheap, half pound size, sky rockets 25 cents, 10 ball roman candles 25 cents, everything in proportion.

☞ William A. Girton has been appointed agent for the Egyptian Roofing Company, for Trenton and Mercer county N. J., His office is at No. 218 Broad street, where samples of the roofing can be seen and information obtained relative to its superiority.

☞ Seeley's genuine Hard Rubber Trusses are sold at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store at $5.00 each. The cheapest they can be purchased anywhere in the city is $10.00. He is also selling a considerable number of other kinds at much lower than city prices, and from the variety can suit any one.

☞ THE FRIENDS' SCHOOL will open at their new school house on Cedar street, in Bristol Borough, on the 2nd Third day in the ninth mo. next. Terms: Twenty and fifteen dollars per session. For circulars, after seventh mo. 8th, apply to either of the following committee: Chas. T. Iredell, Anna Warner, Anthony Swain, Sarah H. Peirce, Samuel Swain, Carrie S. Wood, George W. Adams, Deborah Comly.

☞ DRY GOODS.—A stock of over one hundred thousand dollars and thirty years experience in the business! The assortment is first-class in every particular, consisting of Carpets, Oil Cloths, House Furnishing, Dry Goods, Fine Imported Dry Goods, Cloths and Cassimeres, and almost every fabric of domestic dry goods character, at H. G. Scudder's, 45 Green Street, Trenton, N. J. 4t

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF MARIS & SMITH,
Bankers and Brokers,
18 South Third Street, Philadelphia,
Tuesday, June 29, 1875, 4 o'clock P. M.

EDITOR GAZETTE:

The market has developed no new items of interest. The board yesterday passed a resolution to adjourn from Friday until Tuesday July 6th, and as is frequently the case, the approaching holidays rather dispose operators to stay out of the market until they are over. The hope of an active movement in the stock market before next fall is rapidly dwindling away, and yet it is not improbable that the large amounts of money to be paid out on the first proximo may induce some activity.

Penna. R. R. clung closely to its quotation of 50 all day, ending 50 about.

Reading R. R. was in good demand, and the stock being quite scarce it sold at ¼ higher than S. 30 stock. The opening sales were made at 55¾ cash, but later the price dropped to 55½, ending 55-⅝

Lehigh Nav. attracted no attention all day, closing 50-⅛.

Philada. & Erie was quite strong, selling up to 20⅛ and closing 20⅛-¼.

Oil Creek was but little noticed, ending 10⅞.

Hestonville sold early in the day at 25, but afterwards under hammering dropped to 24⅞, and closes 24⅞ about.

There was no change in the rates for money.

The N. Y. market has been fairly strong all day Pacific Mail and West Union particularly so, though both are off at the close.

Money closes in N. Y. 2 per cent,

Yours truly, MARIS & SMITH.

Philadelphia Bond and Stock quotations reported expressly for the GAZETTE by JOHN K. WILDMAN, No. 26 South Third street, June 29, 1875.

BONDS.—Pennsylvania Loan, 2d series, 106 a 107; Penn'lvania Loan, 3d series, 113a 114; Philadelphia City 6's, 107a 107¼; Allegheny Valley 7.30's, 96¾ a 97; Camden and Amboy 6's, 1883, 101a102; do. do. 1889, 98 a100; do. Mortgage, 1889, 103½a104; Lehigh Val. 7's, 109 a 109½; North Pennsylvania 7's, 105 a 106; Pennsylvania and New York Canal 7's, 105½a106; Penns'vania R. R. 1st Mort., 105 a 106; do. general Mort. Coupon, 103 a 104; do. do. Mort. Registered, 103 a 104; Philada. & Erie 7's, 92½ a 93; Philadelphia and Reading 7's, 105 a106, do. General Mortgage 7's, Coupon, 105 a 106; do. do. 7's, Registered, 105½a 106; do. New Conv. 7's, 107½a108; Pittsburg Cincinnati & St. Louis 7's, 77 a 77½; West Chester 7's, 105a105½; West Jersey 7's, 103a 104; Wilmington and Rdg. 1st Mortgage 7's, 55 a 57; Lehigh Navigation Gold Loan, 6's, 101½ a 101¾.

STOCKS.—Lehigh Valley Railroad, 60¾a60⅞; Mine Hill Railroad, 54¾ a 55; Nesquehoning Valley Railroad, 55¼ a 56; Pennsylvania Railroad, 50 a 50⅛; Philad'a and Reading Railroad, 55 a 55½; Philada. & Trenton R. R. 128½a129½; United Co.'s of N. J. (C. & A.) 129½a129¾; Central Transportation Co., 45½ a 46; Fifth & Sixth street R. R., 65 a 66; Hestonville R. R., 24½a25; Second & Third Sts. R. R., 77 a 78; Leh. Nav., 50 a 50⅛.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday, June 28, 5 P. M.

The Cattle market was very dull this week, and prices were rather lower. About 3100 head arrived and sold at 7½ a 8⅛c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers, the latter rate for choice; 6 ½ a 7c. for fair to good do., and 4 a 6c. per lb. gross for common, as to quality.

SHEEP were dull and lower; 2,000 head arrived and sold at 4a5½ c. per lb. gross, as to quality.

HOGS were also dull; 3300 head arrived and sold at $11 a 11 50 per 100 lbs. net.

Bristol Table Prices Current.

Bristol, Wednesday Evening, June 30, 1875.

FLOUR AND MEAL—	
Best White Wheat Flour, per bbl	$9.00
Do. Red Wheat, per bbl	8.00
Do. do. per ½ sack	100
Do. do. per ¼ sack	50
Graham Flour, per 100 lbs.	3.50
Corn Meal, per 100 lbs.	2.00
FRESH MEATS—	
Beef, roast, per lb, untrimmed	12 to 20c
Beefsteak, per lb	16 to 25
Veal, per lb	10 to 22
Mutton, per lb.	12 to 18
Lamb	23 to 25
POULTRY—	
Chickens (live) per pair, per pound	12
Chickens (dressed) per pound	18 to 20
Turkeys (Dressed) per pound	18
Ducks, per pound	10
BUTTER, LARD, &c.—	
Butter, best, for table use, per lb	28 to 30
Butter, Tub	25
Butter, cooking, per lb.	20
Lard, per lb.	18
Eggs, per dozen	36
Cheese, per lb	16 to 20
Cheese—Pineapple	31
VEGETABLES AND FRUITS—	
Onions, per half peck	30 to 40
Potatoes, per peck	35 to 40
Potatoes (new)	60
N. Y. Plums, per lb	35
Dried Apples, per pound	9 to 12
Dried Peaches, per pound	15 to 18
Dried Peaches, peeled, per lb	30
Dried Cherries, per lb	35
French Prunes per lb	16
Turkish Prunes	12½
SUGARS—	
Cut Loaf	13
Crushed	13
Pulverized	12½
Granulated	12½
A—Standard White	11
B— " "	10
Extra C—No. 1	10
Extra C—Yellow	9
Common Yellow	8
Dried Currants, per lb	10 to 12
MOLASSES AND SYRUPS—	
New Orleans, choice	92
" " Good to prime	90
" " Fair	85
Porto Rico, choice	77
" " Good to prime	50
" " Fair	60
Sugar Loaf Drips, choice	80
White Drips	70
Choice Syrup	65
Standard Syrup	60
Good Syrup	45
Sugar House, choice	40
" " Good to prime	35
CURED MEATS—	
Covered	18
Uncovered Hams	17
Shoulders, sugar cured	10
Dried Beef	26
Beef Tongues	1.05

Special Notices.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic.

In the atmosphere experienced here during the summer months the lethargy produced by the heat takes away the desire for wholesome food, and frequent perspirations reduce bodily energy, particularly those suffering from the effects of debilitating diseases. In order to keep a natural healthful activity of the system, we must resort to artificial means. For this purpose Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is very effectual. A few doses will create an appetite and give fresh vigor to the enervated body. For dyspepsia, it is invaluable. Many eminent physicians have doubted whether dyspepsia can be permanently cured by the drugs which are generally employed for that purpose. The Sea Weed Tonic in its nature is totally different from such drugs. It contains no corrosive minerals or acids; in fact it assists the regular operations of nature, and supplies her deficiencies. The tonic in its nature so much resembles the gastric juice that it is almost identical with that fluid. The gastric juice is the natural solvent which, in a healthy condition of the body, causes the food to be digested; and when this juice is not excreted in sufficient quantities, indigestion, with all its distressing symptoms, follows. The Sea Weed Tonic performs the duty of the gastric juice when the latter is deficient. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is sold by all Druggists.

STRAW AND CHIP HATS for Ladies and Misses. A magnificent assortment at JULIUS SICHEL'S, Nos. 107 and 109 North EIGHTH street, and No. 631 North SECOND street.

TRIMMING SILKS in every style to match Dress Goods, at JULIUS SICHEL'S.

HAT SCARFS AND NECK TIES. The latest styles at lowest prices, at JULIUS SICHEL'S.

FRENCH FLOWERS—THE NEWEST DESIGNS and styles at JULIUS SICHEL'S.

OSTRICH FEATHERS AND PLUMES.—THE largest assortment in this city is at JULIUS SICHEL'S.

NEW STYLES OF TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS opened every day at JULIUS SICHEL'S.

TRIMMING-VELVETS TO MATCH EVERY shade of dress goods, at auction prices, at JULIUS SICHEL'S.

MISSES' AND INFANTS' TRIMMED HATS a specialty, at JULIUS SICHEL'S.

SASH AND BONNET RIBBONS.—AN ENDless variety, at JULIUS SICHEL'S, Nos. 107 and 109 North EIGHTH street, and No. 631 North SECOND street. 945

Kolp's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar.

The medical properties both of Wild Cherry Bark and Tar being so well known it is only necessary to state they have been united in a concentrated form, with several well known and highly efficient articles, which are used daily for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Tightness and Soreness of the Breast, and other Pectoral Diseases. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Prepared only by C. H. KOLP, Graduate in Pharmacy, 463 North TENTH St. below Buttonwood, Philad'a. 701

New Advertisements.

"MAGNOLIA" FLOUR MILLS.

J. R. MOON,
Dealer in
Flour, Feed, Grain, &c.
CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR A Specialty. 1058

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
MILL STREET,
NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE, BRISTOL, PA.

1875. SUMMER 1875.

Summer Dress Goods in great variety.

HERNANIS, GRENADINES, LINENS, LAWNS AND PERCALES.

WHITE GOODS! WHITE GOODS!

FRENCH MUSLINS, SWISS MUSLINS, NAINSOOK MUSLINS, PLAIN MUSLINS, CAMBRIC MUSLINS, WHITE PIQUES.

LACES, EMBROIDERIES, FRINGES, RIBBONS, HOSIERY, KID GLOVES, SUN UMBRELLAS AND FANS.

Stamping and Pinking.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT Complete.

Agent in Bristol, for the sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO'S PAPER PATTERNS & REMINGTON'S SEWING MACHINE. 910

Miscellaneous.

CYRUS HILLBORN. H. C. WORSTALL.

HILLBORN & WORSTALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE IRON AND STEEL,

WOODEN-WARE, Tin-Ware and Slate Mantels, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, French and American Window Glass, Putty, Fertilizers, Cement, Calcined Plaster, Marble Dust, Building Sand, Spokes, Felloes, Hubs, and manufacturers of Fifth-Wheels. Agents for Laflin & Rand's Powder Company. NEWTOWN, BUCKS COUNTY, PA. 1041

PURE! WHOLESOME!! CHEAP!!!

Opening of the STAR CONFECTIONERY,
No. 4 Assanpink Block, Trenton, N. J.,

THIS DAY, with the most extensive and complete assortment of French and American Confectionery ever exhibited at retail in Trenton. Also, a choice line of Foreign Fruits and Nuts, fine Canned Goods, &c. Prices reasonable. Positively none but strictly pure and wholesome Confectionery sold by this House. Patronage solicited! Favors appreciated! Please call and examine.
THOMAS P. MARSHALL, Proprietor.
N. B.—Constantly on draught, Cold Sparkling Soda Water, Cream, Nectar, Mead, and Kissengen Water. 1040

TANTUM & SHIELDS,
DEALERS IN
HOSIERY, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR,
DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, TIES, BOWS AND SCARFS,
Assanpink Block, Trenton, N. J. 989

ESTABLISHED 1847.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS,
Pronounced by connoisseurs the best in the market.
To guard against the numerous imitations of these celebrated Crackers, the public should
Ask for Exton's Crackers,
And see that his name is stamped on each on each and every Cracker.
☞ For sale by Grocers generally throughout the United States and by
ADAM EXTON & CO., Manufacturers, Trenton, N. J.
Price List and Circular sent on application.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKER, the only genuine, original Trenton Crackers. Buy EXTON'S
EXTON'S TRENTON WINE CRACKERS—Delicious, wholesome, cheap. Buy Exton's Wine Crackers.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS—Beware of imitations and substitutes. Buy EXTON'S.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS—Manufactured by A. EXTON & CO., Trenton, N. J.
1018

VICTORY! VICTORY!
How About the Silver Medals!!
THE AWARD OF ENTERPRISE!
PULLEN & CO., STILL AHEAD.
At the New Jersey State Fair, held at Waverly, September, 1872, the HIGHEST PREMIUM,
A SILVER MEDAL!
The first ever awarded to TRENTON CRACKERS, was given to the firm of E. PULLEN & CO Also, by New Jersey State Agricultural Society, 1873, A SPECIAL GRAND SILVER MEDAL being the highest award given. Again, at Hunterdon County Agricultural Fair, 1873, A SPECIAL GRAND SILVER MEDAL, being the first ever given by this Society.
PULLEN'S CRACKERS ARE THE BEST!
☞ Ask your Grocer for Pullen's Crackers, and take no other.
All orders promptly attended to. Manufactured by
E. PULLEN & CO., Stockton below State St., Trenton, N. J.
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A. J. WALKER,
CLOTHING HOUSE,
AND
Merchant Tailor,
N. W. Corner of Broad and Factory Sts.,
TRENTON, N. J. 735

Established 1847.
JESSE L. STACKHOUSE. WM. M. STACKHOUSE.
J. L. STACKHOUSE & SON,
EMILIE, PA.,
Dealers in
Drugs and Medicines,
Perfumery and Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, and all articles usually kept by druggists generally.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. 1051

JOSEPH WILDMAN,
Manufacturer of
WAGONS AND CARRIAGES,
OXFORD VALLEY PA.,
REPAIRING AND PAINTING neatly and promptly attended to. The public are invited to inspect our stock. 1054

J. C. BROWN,
MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF
Carriages and Wagons,
EMILIE, PA.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING. Give us a call. 1053

For Sale or Rent.
A DWELLING HOUSE, with seven rooms and Bath, situated on Penn and Wood Streets, Bristol, Pa. Apply to
E. LAWRENCE, Agent, Bristol, Pa.
1039

For Sale.
FIRST QUALITY improved Iowa lands, will exchange for Bristol property. Enquire at this office.

$4,000.
FOR SALE.—A First Mortgage of Four Thousand Dollars, on property worth fifteen thousand.
JOSHUA PEIRCE.
$1,500, $1,000, $800,—For sale, prime First Mortgages of each the above amounts.
JOSHUA PEIRCE.
860

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE:
FRAME HOUSES of all sizes and descriptions, ranging from $1,100 to $2,500. Located on Lafayette, Washington and Dorrance Streets. Very liberal terms offered.

Building Lots for Sale,
On Lafayette, Washington and Dorrance Streets. Also on Jefferson Avenue, destined to be the handsomest and most attractive street in the borough. HOUSES ERECTED BY CONTRACT on any of the above streets, when desired.
JOSHUA PEIRCE.
657

An Ordinance

Regulating the Rate of Speed of Locomotive Engines between certain points in the Borough of Bristol.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this Ordinance it shall not be lawful for any railroad corporation to run any locomotive engine or engines at a greater rate of speed than eight miles an hour between the following points in the Borough of Bristol, viz: From a point opposite Maple street, where said street, if extended would cross the railroad track, to the northeast side of Jefferson avenue.

SECTION 2. That in case any railroad corporation shall violate the provisions of the first section of this Ordinance, every such corporation shall, for each and every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars, to be sued for and recovered in the manner provided for by law, the whole of said penalty to be paid to the Treasurer of the Borough of Bristol, for the use of the corporation.

SECTION 3. That all Ordinances or parts of Ordinances conflicting with the provisions of this Ordinance, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol, this 19th day of June, A. D., 1875.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Burgess.

Attest: J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk of Council.

1050

Millet and Hungarian Grasses,
CLOVER, Orchard, Timothy and Herd Grasses, Seed Buckwheat, &c. Harvesting Tools of all kinds, at
J. W. CORNELL & CO.,
Farm Implement and Seed Warehouse,
88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
A full variety of Turnip Seed.

BUY YOUR
BOOTS AND SHOES,
OF
PARKER,
85 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
Next door to Manning's Trimming Store. 986

A. BEER & CO.,
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
(Successors to A. W. McGarvey & Co.)
No. 13 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.
(Mansion House.)
Life Size Pictures in oil, water colors and crayon. Copying and Porcelain Pictures neatly finished. Particular attention paid to children. 739

JOSEPH B. YARD,
MANUFACTURER OF
IRON RAILING,
(at the old stand)
No. 6 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.
☞ Particular attention given to Enclosing Cemetery Lots. 905

Fame Clothing Hall.
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.
EQUAL TO CUSTOM MAKE.
At the Very Lowest Prices!
L. GOLDBERG,
1017 26 E. State Street, Trenton, N. J.

E. KOPP
DYES TO LIVE AND LIVES TO DYE,
and does all kinds of
FANCY DYEING.
ALL WORK DONE IN A SUPERIOR MANNER.
No. 39 Warren Street, 3 doors below Front St.,
TRENTON, N. J.
Goods sent from the country will receive prompt attention. 669

J. W. BOND. W. A. BOND.
J. W. BOND & SON,
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Steam Fitters,
No. 2 Broad Street, Trenton, N. J.
The largest assortment of GAS FIXTURES in the city. Orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed. 740

GEORGE WESTON,
ARCHITECTURAL AND MONUMENTAL
SCULPTOR,
IN MARBLE, GRANITE, AND FREESONE, is devoting especial attention to Monumental Works, &c., viz.:
Tombs, Monuments, Headstones, Mural Tablets, Pulpits, Fonts, &c.
Designs and Estimates furnished on application.
MARBLE YARD—Stockton Street, between State and Front Streets, Trenton, N. J.
Cemetery Lots Inclosed. Cemetery work of every description done in the best manner and at reasonable rates. 671

USE THE
GREAT CURATIVE
Of All Summer Complaints.
HAMILTON'S
Blackberry Cordial!
A never failing remedy in
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA INFANTUM,
And all Bowel Complaints peculiar to young and old.
Mothers in using it can save there little ones from the ravages of that dreaded disease Cholera Infantum, and always a sure cure in every case.
Price, 35 Cents.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE:
124 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.
804

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

DOMESTIC BLISS.

A FRAGMENT.

I'm a married lady of thirty odd.
Every evening I see in their beds
A "baker's dozen" of curly heads.
Every morning my slumbers greet
The patter, patter of twenty-six feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter,
'Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread and butter.
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long,
And thirteen little hands with doing something wrong,
'Till I fain would do,
With an energy, too,
As did the old woman that lived in a shoe.
And when my poor husband comes home from his work,
Tired and hungry, and fierce as a Turk,
What do you think is the picture he sees?
A legion of babies all in a breeze—
Johnny a crying
And Lucy a sighing,
And worn out mamma with her hair all a-flying;
Strong and angry William beating little Nelly,
Charley in the pantry, eating currant jelly;
Richard strutting round in papa's Sunday coat;
Harry at the glass with a razor at his throat;
Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy shuts the door,
And mitigates their aching with a forty-pound roar;
Baby at the coal-hod hurries to begin,
Throwing in his mite to the universal din.
Alas! my lord and master, being rather weak of nerve, he
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning topsy-turvy,
And then the frightened little ones all fly to me for shelter,
And so the drama closes 'mid a general helter skelter.
I'll give you my name, lest you think me a myth:
Yours, very respectfully, Mrs. John Smith.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

PASTURE LANDS.

BY WILLIAM H. YEOMANS.

A writer in a recent number of the *Canada Farmer* describes fields on Canadian farms as "usually bare, unsightly, eaten down objects" in which "two or three acres are required to keep a cow." Now, much as that writer might deplore such a state of affairs it is by no means the condition, only of Canada, as a visit and examination in the States would clearly demonstrate, and notwithstanding some sections of country, as England, have been raised to that high state of fertility as to furnish green, grassy, beautiful fields for pasturage, that important point has not been fully reached in American agriculture, and the result is precisely the state described above, and the fear is that five or six acres of pasturage are necessary to carry a cow through the season, as often perhaps as two or three. And while it would be desirable to behold the herd luxuriating in a field in which was a vigorous growth of all the best of the grasses, such a state of affairs will not be at present experienced for the want of more thorough culture. There is little doubt but that many fields that are put under the mower, would be unable to show as healthy and vigorous growth as many fields of English pasturage. One fault that has crept into the practice of our farmers, is the desire to possess unbounded acres, no matter what the state of cultivation if the proprietor is only a great landholder; then has followed the endeavor to till three or four times as many acres as would be warranted by the amount of manure to be used, and in fact, the effect has been to exhaust the soil instead of adding to its fertility as should in all cases be done, for it requires no very extensive knowledge of mathematics to discover that if from any given quantity of matter, more is taken from, than is added to, final exhaustion will be the result.

Then instead of attempting to secure breadth of acres, the desire should be to reduce them to such number as can be properly cultivated, of which an equal amount of revenue can be obtained,—and the time is yet to come, and will come, in which lands will be raised to that high degree of fertility in which there will be no distinction between mowing lands and pasterage, unless our country is to become depopulated, for with the increase of population, must come an additional quantity of food, and not only that, but additional hands hands to assist in subduing and removing the soil.

It will almost invariably be observed, that those sections of country that contain the greatest number of persons to the square mile, will be found to be in much the highest state of cultivation, which of itself is evidence, that, the less acres the more fertility, and *vice versa*; admitting this, then the natural and inevitable conclusion arrived at, is, that it would be far better to allow the rougher portions of the earth's surface, to return to its primal condition, of timber, thereby ameliorating the conditions of the atmosphere, and thus allowing remaining portions to be better cultivated.

American agriculture is now making rapid advances, and is destined to advance, as the years roll on, until all the land susceptible of general cultivation, shall be fruitful to its maximum extent, and this in a great measure, is to accomplished by intellectual force; the day of only physical force has passed, and the burdens of the producer are to be lightened in proportion to the extent of his capacity of relieving himself, by those appliances which a well ordered intelligence has furnished.

STURGEON DRIVING IN THE DELAWARE. —The June number of *Boys of America* contains the following: "Two gentleman in Pennsylvania had for many years entertained the notion that sturgeon might be so managed as to draw a pleasure boat. For the last three summers they have been making experiments to solve the problem, and at last have succeeded. The mode of procedure has been every spring, when the sturgeons have made their way up the Delaware as high as Bristol, to buy a pair, and, towing them behind a boat on the Lehigh Canal, to bring them to Lehigh Dam, where these gentlemen have a boat-house and a pond enclosed for their aquatic ponies. Mr. Phillippi, who acts as driver, has his seat in the bow, and directs their course with a goad, which is a long pole with a sharp spike sticking out at one end at right angles, and it is surprising with what alacrity they obey. There was much difficulty at first in preventing the fish from seeking the bottom and drawing the boat under. Dr. Slack, however, an eminent fish culturist, who had traveled in Egypt, and had observed the mode of managing sturgeon on the Nile, overcame the difficulty. He had two large hollow boats made in the shape of swans, and painted white to resemble those birds. To each of these floats a cord was attached and fastened to a pole, on which the traces were fastened. A pair of gray reins reach from the bird-like floats to the bow. The boat is shaped like a shell, and Colonel Sitgreaves sitting in the stern with his trident is no bad representation of Neptune. His Palinurus, Sammy Phillippi, is as skillful in directing the course of the aqueous steeds as he is in driving his pair on the road. Occasionally some lady friend or relative of these gentlemen will drive the sturgeon in their stead—ay, and drive them well. One lady, Miss S——, a fashionable belle of Easton, is especially skillfull in fish-driving and delights therein, as our spirited engraving illustrates to the life."

Capt. Boyton's experience in crossing the British Channel was not so delightful as to make other persons in haste to try a similar experiment. Dr. Diver, who attended him, gives these particulars of Capt. Boyton's sufferings on the voyage: "He was received on board the Prince Ernest at about 2:30 on Saturday morning, when he had been about 23½ hours in the water. He was perspiring very freely, complained of a general stiffness, with pains in his wrists, from paddling. He stated that for the first few hours he suffered terribly, and that he even wished his dress might burst and he go down. He was very sleepy at this time, and actually slept in the water and dreamt, waking with a start and finding himself paddling. Some very strong green tea was given to him, which dispelled all his unpleasant symptoms. The last two or three miles, he said, seemed never-ending to him, and he would not again go through what he had experienced for any money. He was undressed, sponged and rubbed down, and placed in hot blankets. His face was very red, and in some places the skin had cracked from exposure to the sun and salt water. He was fatigued, but not very much, considering what he had gone through. His face was greased and cold wet rags afterward applied to it, which relieved him much. His pulse was 71, and his temperature 99°. The action of his heart was feeble; but this is natural in him, and was observed on the former occasion. He was full of spirits at his success. In about an hour he walked to the Pavilion Hotel, looking, with the exception of his face, very little the worse for his interesting trip."

The new system of prepayment of postage on newspapers by means of stamps, it is stated, is bringing the post-office a very satisfactory revenue. The postage collected on this class of matter during the first quarter of the present year amounted to $82,858. At this rate New York will pay during the year about one-fourth of the entire receipts throughout the country from this source.

WEDDING BAZAARS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

How beautiful is the beginning of wedded life! Not the first bloom of snowdrops and crocus in spring; not the budding and blossom of honeysuckle or magnolia; not the earliest songs of birds, and their sports among the tender leaves but half opened, is so charming to the imagination! If the young hearts are simple, loving and sincere, there rises before their imagination a series of joys which fills the whole horizon. They know there is care and labor for every one, but love can gild the one and lighten the other.

It is a world of sorrow; sickness and death befall every one. But what are these spectral thoughts to young hearts that mean to triumph over every ill by the irresistible power of love? Even those who have seen their visions melt away, and who have been disenchanted, love to go back for the hour to the old fond delight. They look with pleasure upon two souls leaving the shore for the wide sea, fondly believing that there will never be a wave upon the water, nor a gale in the air. Those even who have had stormy days and a dreary voyage, are glad that the beginning of it should be bright.

There is one point of universal sympathy, the wedding hour of two ingenuous youths. Every one rises out of his dull and droning life into his best moods. Every one's eyes look benignly upon the happy pair. Every one would fain throw a flower upon their path, and, if he could, a flower without thorns.

It was under this generous impulse that the custom arose of making presents to the bride. Probably it began in simpler ages than ours, when men were shepherds and husbandmen. The young people must be set up in housekeeping. One, therefore, would give a garment, another a cow, another a piece of furniture. In some villages in Europe, to this day, the young pair walk from the church to their new home, by the side of a loaded cart, whereon their neighbors have piled all the miscellaneous stuff of a rustic household. So that, when they are settled down at home, almost every article speaks to them a language of kindness from some village friend. In this simple way a rural community set up each new household.

But as wealth increases, and new manners prevail in refined society, it is no longer an aim to furnish the lodgings of love's young pilgrims. The custom of giving presents remains, but the motive changes; and unless great caution be used, such custom degenerates, and becomes offensive. To those who are rich, and "who can repay again," presents abound. While to the less favored, to whom some help would be most timely, little is given. The daughter of a rich man marries a rich man's only son. Every one would fain stand well with them all. Diamond rings, bracelets of great price, silverware of every kind, with and without a use, books, pictures, curiosities of every hue abound, and the long table groans with the needless. There is no thought of setting up in life this joyous pair, for they are full rich already, and able to furnish their costly dwelling munificently. If the motive be worthy of the gifts, how much must these two people be loved!

But if it be done in a truly charitable spirit, it will not be an ungracious thing to trace these gifts and to unveil the motives which have brought hither such rare and costly things.

The parents, the brothers and sisters, the near relatives, of course fitly bestow these offerings. The near neighbor recalls, when his daughter was married, that the bride's father gave her a silver urn, and surely it would not do for him to be less generous. Under the form of affection he settles a debt, and says, when all is over, "There, that score is cleared. No one could say that he outdid me." A less favored suitor, of tolerable means, thinks within himself, "He has supplanted me. She more than half favored my addresses. But no one shall suspect by my manner that I care for either of them. Besides, it never does harm to stand well with such people of influence." And so a shining gift goes from his hand.

The lawyer who did the father's business and expects the son's, says, "It will never do for me to be stingy on such an occasion. Money given away to such people is money planted." Correspondents and bankers, political friends and partners, must send or suffer. The young cousin who is clerking at a small salary dare not withhold his gift, and is ashamed to send such a one as comports with his means. He dreads to see his meagre offering outdone by blazing rivals; and so, taking counsel of fear and vanity, he goes against his conscience, and pinching himself for months, he pays for a gift beyond his means. He might be strengthened against a second temptation, if he could hear the bride's father saying, "What! Jacob sent this? The young dog is extravagant. Wonder if he thinks he's rich.

I seldom take pleasure in looking at the wedding treasure chamber. The gold and silver have no beauty in my eyes. If I am sure love gave them, and was able to give, the presents cannot be too profuse. But I think of the humble cousins, the poor young men wishing to stand well in society, the outside friends who dare not come without gifts when all are expected to give, and this takes away all pleasure. Each man's gift is marked with his name, that every one may know how well each has done his duty. "Have you been up to see the presents?" is the familiar question.

It is sad to think that such presents should be made a matter of calculation, but they are. The very bride does not shrink from calculating the probable cost of the gifts. And after the wedding bazaar is closed, an account of stock is taken. For the moment, they are the best friends who have given the most choice and flattering gifts. The meanness of some, the stinginess and neglect of others, is severely noted. The fiend has over-leaped the walls of Paradise, and soiled the brightness and innocence of the early hours of a new life.

There will be many to whom these words will seem severe and unmerciful. But it is in no spirit of censorious criticism that they are written. There is need that men should beware lest pride and vanity eat out the value of those gifts which should only come from love—which should be valued, not for what they are, but for what they express.

THE EYE.—The eye shows character. The eyes of great warriors have almost always been gray, their brows lowering like thunderclouds. Inventors have large eyes, very full. Philosophers the most illustrious have had large and deep-set eyes. The poets all have large, full eyes, and musicians' eyes are large and lustrous.

Buffon considers that the most beautiful eyes are the black and the blue. I think I have seen black and blue eyes that were far from beautiful. Byron says the Gazelle will weep at the sound of music. The gazelle's eyes have been called the most beautiful in the world, and the greatest compliment an Arab can pay his mistress is to compare her eyes to a gazelle's. The power of the eye was well illustrated in Robert Burns. He was taken to Edinburgh very much as Samson was taken to the temple—to amuse the Philistines. He was brought to the palace where the great men of Scotland were to be entertained, and was put in a back room until the time should come when they were, ready for him. When they were they were brought in, and, having measured the company with his wonderful eyes, he recited his immortal poem, "Is there, for Honest Poverty?" Carlyle says that when he finished the nobles and gentleman cowered and shrunk before his eyes. I think his words had as much to do with it as his eyes. Henry Clay's eyes were big gray ones, that looked black when he was excited. Webster's eyes were a lustrous black, and were like caged lions. Carlyle compares them to a great cathedral all lighted up. Cleopatra had black eyes. Mary Queen of Scots had liquid gray eyes. Dark eyes show power, light eyes gentleness, and gray eyes sweetness. There is great magnetic power in the eyes of several of the lower animals. The lion's, the tiger's and the serpent's eyes are all magnetic. It is well known that the serpent will charm birds that are flying above it, until in great circles they will sweep down to the destruction which awaits them. A friend of mine, a doctor, was one day walking in the field, when he saw an adder lying on a rock. He drew near to examine it, and presently looked at its eyes. He was attracted by their great beauty, and involuntarily stepped forward two or three steps. Beautiful light flowed from them, and seemed to bathe the very coils of the serpent. Gradually he drew closer, until, just as he was almost within the reptile's reach, he fell, feeling, as he said afterward, as though he had been struck by a stone. When he became conscious his head was in a friend's lap. His first words were, "Who struck me?" "No one struck you, doctor. I saw you were charmed by the snake, and I struck it with a stone." He had struck the snake and the doctor had felt the blow.

ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.—It is not well for us to cherish the habit of dwelling much on the faults and shortcomings of those with whom we live. It makes us more critical than generous. It affects the cordiality of our manner toward them. It insensibly lessens our confidence. It interferes with the delicious ease and freedom of our intercourse with them. It colors the remarks that we make about them to others, and then reacts with double force upon our own feelings and our relations to them. It is said of the virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies, that the law of kindness is in her tongue. But in order to be in the tongue, it must first be in the heart, and the habit of dwelling much on the imperfections of our friends and associates will soon drive it from us.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible—if you are in the right, it lessons your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

Advices from all portions of Southern Nebraska say the damage done there by the grasshoppers has been exaggerated. Most of these pests have left, and those which remain are doing little harm. There will be a full corn crop, and from half to a full crop of wheat and other small grain. The farmers are replanting wherever the grain has been seriously injured, and they expect a full harvest.

The arrangements for the swimming match between J. B. Johnson, champion of England, and Thomas Coyle, of Chester, Pa., for the championship of the world and $2000 a side, were completed on Friday, the 18th ult. The contestants are to swim from Chester to Philadelphia, a distance of sixteen miles, the one who gets nearest to their destination to be declared the winner. The match is to take place on the 4th of July.

The Committee on Centennial of the Connecticut Legislature have agreed to report a bill appropriating $40,000 for the Centennial Exhibition. $25,000 will go to the Centennial Board of Finance, and $15,000 to a State Commission to be appointed by the Governor.

A Women's Centennial Association was formed on Tuesday of last week, in Hartford, Conn., to aid the National Association, and especially to aid in the erection of a separate building on the Centennial grounds for the exhibition of woman's work.

William G. Cook died in Trenton, N. J., on Saturday, June 19th. He was a large owner of real estate, and a director of the Trenton Banking Company. He was formerly a director of the Camden & Amboy Railroad.

M. W. Mason, inventor of the locomotive head light, and other useful railway appliances, died at Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday, June 20, aged 70.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone will resume the leadership of the Liberal party next year.

Bristol.

Wood's Price List.

BEST CALICO, 7 cts.; 4 clasp Corsets, 50 cts.; splendid Muslin, 10 cts.; Sailor Hats—trimmed, 65 cts.; Gents' double-heel mixed Half-Hose, 10 cts.; Ladies' Skirts, 50 cts.; Ladies' all linen Handkerchiefs, 7 cts.; Gents' all linen, large size, hemmed and ironed, 12½ cts.; Linen for pants, 25 cts.; Mosquito Netting, 40 cts. a piece, or 7 cts. a yard, for green; Pocket Books with locks, 12 cts; Oil Chromos, 4 cts.; quart bottles Ink, 12 cts.; Envelopes, 4 cts. a pack—white or yellow; Slate Pencils, five for 1 ct.; Pins, 3 cts. a paper; Skirt Braid, 5 cts; Satin stripe Grenadine, 12 cts.; Ladies' Leather Belts, 10 cts.; rubber-top Lead Pencils, 3 cts.; Olive Soap, 4 cts.; a large lot of Sheet Music, usual price 25c., 50c. and $1.00, we will sell for 12 cts. a piece, or $1.00 per dozen; Coates' and Clarke's Cotton, 6 cts.; Huckleberries, 12 cts per can; 3 lb. cans Tomatoes, two for 25 cts; Navy Blue Shirts, $1.37. A large line of Embroideries at half the usual price. We guarantee everything we sell, and will exchange anything which is not what we represent. We have facilities for purchasing goods which no other store in this vicinity possesses, and sell cheaper than can be bought in the city—but for CASH,—we will not trust.

J. H. WOOD, 58 Mill Street, BRISTOL, PA.

Agent Peerless Paper Patterns Company.—Best styles and good fits. 931

CHARLES WOLLARD,
Contractor & Builder,

Washington St., bet. Cedar & Wood Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

HOUSES BUILT BY CONTRACT, and all kinds of Carpenter Work promptly executed. Satisfaction guaranteed 840

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

MRS. J. SINGLETON, NO. 40 MARKET STREET, has bought Mrs. M. A. Rankin out in the Hair Business, and is now prepared to take your combings and make them up to your order in SWITCHES, PLAITS, PUFFS, CURLS, &c.

Will also renew DRESS MAKING in connection with the hair business. Being grateful for past favors, I will be thankful for future patronage,
MRS. J. SINGLETON,
831 No. 40 Market street, Bristol, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

R. TRUDGEN & SON,

No. 25 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.,

PAPER HANGERS AND **UPHOLSTERERS.**

Dealers in New and Second-Hand

FURNITURE.

A large selection of WALL PAPERS constantly on hand, lower than city prices.

Furniture Repaired and Varnished. Chairs Recaned, Carpets cut and laid, Bell Hanging, &c. Country trade promptly attended to.

Thankful for past favors, we would ask for a continuance of same. All orders should be addressed to
R. TRUDGEN & SON,
846 **No. 25 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.**

New Machine Shop.

E. S. BANES & BROTHER,
General Machinists
AND
STEAM ENGINE BUILDERS.

WOULD respectfully call the attention of all who use machinery to facilitate their work, to our improved tools for Repairing all kinds of Machinery.

WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Shop: Dorrance Street, west of Railroad, BRISTOL. 914

Pennsylvania Railroad.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

On and after May 23, 1874,

Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, **7:00, 7:45, 8:26, 9:04** A. M., **12:28, 4:06, 7:21**, and **10:05** P. M. On Sundays, **12:28** and **5:27** P. M. West Phila. Depot, at **3:27, 6:02**, and **9:51** A. M., **2:53, 5:11, 6:45**, and **9:38** P. M. On Sundays, **6:02** A. M., and **9:38** P. M.

For New York.

At **1:16, 7:38, 8:15, 9:21**, and **11:47** A. M., **2:24, 3:34, 4:30, 6:18**, and **7:49** P. M. Sunday trains **9:21** A.M., **4:31** and **7:49** P. M.

For Trenton.

At **7:38, 8:15, 9:21, 11:09**, and **11:47** A. M., **2:24, 2:50, 3:34, 4:03, 4:31, 5:03, 6:02, 6:18, 7:49**, and **9:06** P. M. On Sundays, **9:21** A. M. and **2:50 4:31 7:49** P. M.

The 7.38, 11.09, A. M., 4.03, and 6.05 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at **6:55**, and **10:15** A.M., **2:00, 3:30, 4:15, 5:15, 6:20**, and **8:20** P. M. On Sundays, **9:15** A. M., and **2:00** P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at **8:30** and **11:00** A. M., and **1:35, 3:30, 3:45, 5:30** and **7:00** P. M., and **12:00** night. On Sundays, **8:30**, A. M. **3:45, 7:00**, P. M.

From New York.

At **7:00, 8:35**, and **9:25** A. M., **12:25, 2:55, 4:05**, and **6:35** P. M.

From Trenton.

At **6:40, 8:06, 8:40**, and **9:25** A. M., **12:00** M., **2:30, 3:40, 4:50, 6:24, 6:55, 9:14** and **9:40** P. M. On Sundays, **12** noon, **5:00**, and **9:14** P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.40, 7.30, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 8.10, 10.30 and 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.40 and and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.30, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, D. M. BOYD, Jr.
Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

STEAMBOAT

JOHN A. WARNER.

On and after Wednesday, March 17, the steamboat JOHN A. WARNER will leave Chestnut Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 2 and 6 o'clock P. M. Returning leave Bristol at 7.00 A.M., and 4 P. M., Burlington at 7.25 A. M., and 4.10 P. M. Fare 25 cents. Excursion, 40 cents. 913

STEAMBOAT

TWILIGHT.

On and after, Monday, May 17th, 1875, the Steamboat TWILIGHT will leave Chestnut Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 o'clock A. M., and 3 P. M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, touching at Tacony, Riverton, Torresdale, Andalusia and Beverly. Returning—Leave Florence at 10 o'clock, and Bristol at 10½, touching at all the above landings, on the 5 o'clock trip only to Bristol, leaving there at 5. Fare 25 cents. Excursion 40 cents. 925

West Street Hotel,

Nos. 41, 42, 43 and 44 West Street, NEW YORK.

A Temperance House,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

Rooms 50 and 75 cents per day. Charges very moderate. The best meats and vegetables in the market. Best Beds in the city.
673 **H. T. BABBITT, Proprietor.**

$5 to $20 Per Day at home. Terms free. Address G. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 832

Newportville.

Z. TAYLOR BLINN,
Cigar Manufacturer,

NEWPORTVILLE, PA.

CIGARS of all kinds constantly on hand. Give me a call, and I guarantee you satisfaction both in quality and price. Special attention paid to orders. 973

SAMUEL GOSLIN,

DEALER IN

HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS,

Corn Shellers, Cutting Boxes, Sausage Cutters, &c.

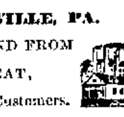
I make my Sausage Cutter a specialty, believing it to cut more meat in the same time than any other Chopper for the same amount of money invested.

REPAIRING of all kinds promptly attended to.

Newportville, Bucks County, Pa. 672

NEWPORTVILLE
FLOUR MILLS,

NEWPORTVILLE, PA.



FLOUR FRESH GROUND FROM THE BEST WHEAT,

Promptly delivered to Customers.

SEEDS:

Such as TIMOTHY and CLOVER, constantly on hand at the most reasonable prices.

Cash paid for all kinds of Grain, at market prices, such as Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, &c.

I. C. FETTER.
651 **Newportville, Pa.**

LOOK HERE!

THE BEST STYLES IN THE COUNTY.

W. W. ROSE

HAS NOW ON HAND A HEAVY STOCK OF

CARRIAGES,

consisting of all

The Latest New York Patterns.

SHOO FLIES,
TRACK SULKEYS,
TROTTING WAGONS,
SUNSHADES, FALLING TOPS,
GERMANTOWNS AND
JAGGER WAGONS.

The public are respectfully invited to inspect my stock. 50

Miscellaneous.

CORNELL & BLAKER,

(Successors to Roberts & Feaster,)
NEWTOWN, PA.,

Dealers in

COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, Heaters, Ranges, and all kinds of Tin, Copper and Hollow Ware. Tin Roofing and Spouting executed promptly. Water Rams, Cisterns, and Lead Pipe furnished, and Plumbing executed. 901

For the Spring of 1875.

THOMAS & VANDEGRIFT,

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Coal & Wood.

AND IN THEIR YARD

AT EDDINGTON,

On the Delaware River,

BUILDING LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS IN STOCK.

Also, A PRIME LOT OF CEDAR RAILS and CHESTNUT POSTS. COAL of the Best Qualities and Lowest rates. 826

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,

DEALERS IN

LUMBER, COAL,
Wood, Lime, Fertilizers, Etc.,

Cornwell's Depot.
BUCKS COUNTY, PA.

BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand, or furnished to order.
COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rates.

Agents for

West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure,

Sold by the car load, and the cheapest manure in market. Also, HORSE STABLE MANURE.
E. W. BOUTCHER.
T. H. SIMONS.
666 Cornwell's Depot.

DR. JAMES B. CANBY,
DENTIST,

Attleboro', Pa.

GRADUATE of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, inserts Artificial Teeth with scientific and mechanical accuracy, and an artistic taste not to be excelled. Patients waited upon at their residences, when desired, without additional charge. 1042

EDWIN OSMOND,
BREAD AND CAKE BAKER,

Newtown, Pa.

CONFECTIONERY AND FRUITS,
STRAWBERRIES, &c

Give us a call. 1013

JOSHUA TOWNSEND & SON,

Furnishing Undertakers,

HULMEVILLE, PA.

Coffins of every variety, and anything pertaining to the business, furnished at reasonable prices.
PATENT CORPSE PRESERVERS constantly on hand.

Strict attention given to ladies coming from a distance. 523

JAMES JENKS,
Harness Maker,

ATTLEBOROUGH, PA.,

HAS on hand heavy and light Harness, Blankets, Whips, Horse Collars, Curry Combs, &c. Also, HARNESS HARDWARE of all kinds. 818

CUT THIS OUT.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT AND NINETEEN DOLLARS IN MONEY, if presented at the "One Price Store" of

PAXSON PURSEL,

NEWTOWN, PA.,

On or before July 1st, 1875, will buy Twenty Dollars worth of Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Ladies and Children's Shoes. Muslins and Calicoes by the piece, excepted. 98 5

HYGEIAN HOME,

FLORENCE HEIGHTS, N. J.

The sick and feeble restored to health without Drug Medicines.

Send stamps for circulars.
1918 **R. T. TRALL, M. D.**

Bristol.

1874. Fall and Winter. 1874.

CABEEN & BEATTY

Invite attention to their Well Selected Stock of New

DRESS GOODS,

WHICH COMPRISE THE NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES OF THE SEASON.

We offer SPECIAL BARGAINS in

Black Alpacas, Mohairs, and Brilliantines.

LARGE STOCK OF

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND SUITINGS.

Black Beavers, Water Proofs in all colors.

BLANKETS! BLANKETS!

Shawls—both long and square.

MERINO UNDERWEAR, for both great and small, in great variety.

Groceries! Groceries!

BOTH PLAIN AND FANCY, AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES. 780

MRS. J. MERRICK BROWN,

No. 45 Mill Street, Three doors below Wood Street.

Having made my purchases at the very lowest cash prices, I will sell as low as can be purchased in Philadelphia or elsewhere.

DRESS GOODS,

Trimmings, Embroideries, Laces,

A FULL LINE OF ALPACAS, &c.

GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.

Complete assortment of RIBBONS, all widths and shades. Also a great variety of HUMAN HAIR, IMITATION GOODS, CURLS, FRIZZES, ROLLS and BRAIDS. Combings made up into any form. Also, WHITMAN'S CHOICE CONFECTIONERY.

AGENT FOR THE DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE.

The very best, quietest and lightest running. EACH MACHINE FULLY WARRANTED. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES AND OIL. 622

Boatman's Grocery Store,

LOOK NO. 3, ON CANAL.

LEWIS WOOLMAN.

EVERYTHING IM THE BOATING LINE, CONSTANTLY ON HAND. 891

CHARLES W. OSMOND,
Bread and Cake Baker,

NO. 101 MILL STREET, East Side Canal Bridge,
920 **BRISTOL, PA.**

B. F. ALLEN,

42 Radcliffe St., corner of Mulberry,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,
TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, &C.

JUST RECEIVED—A FULL LINE OF

Spring Dress Goods,

Which is offered at the most reasonable cash prices.

Also,

FLOWERS of every description

Constantly on hand. Fifty per cent. less than usual price.

A full line of PLAIN AND FANCY

GROCERIES.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits. Tomatoes 12½ cents per can.

N. B.—We also call the attention of the public to a fine assortment of ALEXANDRE KID GLOVES, only 50 cents per pair. 1001

Dorrance Street Ahead.

THE PLACE TO BUY THE

BEST MEATS,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

IS AT

R. SNYDER & SON'S,

Dorrance Street between Wood and Pond, BRISTOL, PA.

CANNED FRUITS,

Vegetables in Season,

HAMS, SHOULDERS, DRIED BEEF, MACKERAL, NOTIONS, &c.

A Choice Quality of

Beef, Pork and Mutton

Always on hand.

All goods delivered free. 761

REMOVAL.

P. O. HUTCHINS

Would inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to the Corner of

Wood and Market Streets,

where he will continue to keep on hand an assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, Dried and Canned Fruits; also Confectioneries and Notions, Tobacco and Cigars. Fruits and Vegetables in their season.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods. 610

At J. Milnor's Store,

Corner of Wood and Washington Streets, BRISTOL, PA.,

Can always be found a full line of

Fine Groceries and Provisions,

consisting in part of

DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE.

And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line. 24

HENRY MORTON,

DEALER IN

Confectionery and Ice Cream,

Mill Street,

ADJOINING THE RAILROAD HOTEL.

BALLS, Fairs, Parties and Festivals furnished with Ice Cream at short notice, cheaper than the cheapest. Flowers of all kinds constantly on hand. 1001

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,

Bread, Pie and Fancy Cake BAKER.

Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge, BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 981

S. WARWICK'S

Restaurant and Oyster Saloon,

WASHINGTON STREET,

(Between Pond and Wood), BRISTOL, PA.

Oysters served in any style with promptness, and delivered to any part of town at short notice. 608

A. K. HOFF'S
BREAD, PIE AND FANCY CAKE
BAKERY,

NO. 28 MILL STREET,

Second door above Cedar, BRISTOL, PA.

All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to. 1020

E. G. HARRISON,

Real Estate and Insurance Agency,

CONVEYANCING AND SURVEYING,

No. 44 Mill Street,
335 **BRISTOL, PA.**

THE INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY effects insurance on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.

GEORGE W. RHAWN, President.
WATSON COMLY (Byberry P. O.), Sec'y and Treas.
JOSHUA V. BUCKMAN, Agent, Bristol.
500

M. A. WALMSLEY,

SAYS HE HAS

A few more of those

CHOICE HAMS

LEFT.

Also, LAMB'S TONGUES.
FRENCH OLIVES,
CHOW CHOW, in Mustard, by the quart.
CROSS & BLACKWELL'S, in pints.
CHOW CHOW (Onions and Mixed Pickles.
HONEY.
TOMATO KETCHUP.
CAN TOMATOES, A No. 1.
CAN CORN, Mountain Sweet, Winslow and Triumph.
FRESH BAY LOBSTER, in cans.
CAN OYSTERS.
CAN SALMON.
CAN TABLE PEACHES.
CAN CHERRIES.
CAN APRICOTS.
CAN PINE APPLE.
DRIED FRUITS of all kinds.
OAT MEAL, HOMINY and BARLEY.

And—but we will not itemize more. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere. 623

J. V. FOSTER,

NO. 33 MILL STREET, BRISTOL,

DEALER IN

DRY-GOODS,
GROCERIES,
AND
Provisions.

A full line of fine Groceries and Vegetables in season.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.
613

Groceries & Provisions.

A Child can Buy as Cheap as a Man.

GEORGE C. GILLINGHAM,

At the Old Established

Grocery, Provision & Notion Store,

Dorrance St., bet. Wood & Pond Sts,

Respectfully informs his friends that he still lives and is prepared to furnish his customers with good Groceries and Provisions which in quality and price will compare favorably with anything in the market.

Also a good assortment of Notions, &c., on hand.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES in their season. 609

ADOLPH MITCHEL,

Dealer in

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Lock No. 2, on Canal,
BRISTOL, PA.

A general assortment of fine Groceries cheap for cash. Give us a call. 1030

HAIR AND HUSK MATRESSES

MADE TO ORDER, and RENOVATED.

CARPETS and MATTING taken up and laid.

ORDERS left at Kinsey's Hardware Store, or at my Residence on Radcliffe Street, rear of Presbyterian Church, will receive prompt attention.

Refer by permission to Moore, York & Howell, No. 261 South Second St., Alexander Miller, 211 South Second, and A. Grossman, 210 North Second Street, Philadelphia.
413 **JOHN F. McMILLAN.**

IRON FENCING.

THOMAS B. HARKINS, Bristol, Pa.,

MANUFACTURER OF

CROWELL'S PATENT IRON FENCES FOR BUCKS COUNTY.

THE public are respectfully invited to call and examine samples at the Iron Foundry on Dorrance street near the railroad. Particular attention given to enclosing cemetery lots. All kinds of castings made to order. 798

NOTICE.

Why go so meanly dressed, when

Pettit Sells Clothing

FOR HALF PRICE.

Fine Black Coats selling from $5 to $9; Pantaloons from $2 to $5. Vests given away. Shawls from 75c. to $2.50, Scarfs, Calicoes, Dress Goods, &c., at proportionately low prices. Give me a call. **GEO E. PETTIT,**
Cedar Street, above Walnut, Bristol, Pa.

N. B.—Parties can select from sample any kind of garment desired. Orders filled within twenty-four hours' notice. 1019

Bristol.

JOSEPH SINGLEY,
Boot and Shoe Maker,

LAFAYETTE STREET,

Between Pond and Railroad, BRISTOL, PA.

Repairing neatly and promptly attended to. Patronage solicited. 1002

CASPER ULLERICH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 20 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

LADIES, Misses and Children's Shoes, Gentlemen's and Boys' Boots and Shoes, heavy and fine, all selling cheap for cash. REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. First class work made to order and satisfaction guaranteed. 638

CARPETS

Washed and Scoured for Five Cents per Yard;

AT

Livingston Mills,

BRISTOL PA. 402

WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The finest and latest Styles of work for Ladies and Gents. FIRST CLASS BOOTS made a specialty. SOLE LEATHER and UPPERS of all descriptions constantly on hand and to be had at city prices.

Store at **Corner Mill & Pond Sts.,**
692 **BRISTOL, PA.**

FURNITURE

Re-upholstered and Varnished;

HOUSE PAINTING; also

WALL PAPER Sized and Varnished.

Special care given to China Glossing.

JOHN F. McMILLAN.

Radcliffe Street, rear of Presbyterian Church,
297 BRISTOL.

New Market House

BY

DAVID G. MICHENER,

No. 103 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.,

(East side of Canal Bridge.)

Excellent Beef, Sausage, &c., constantly on hand, cheaper than the cheapest.
895

MEAT! MEAT!

MILTON WEBSTER,

AT THE

Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.

Special inducements given cash customers. 931

J. V. BUCKMAN,

Surveyor & Conveyancer,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

AND

General Insurance Agent.

BRISTOL, PA.

Office on Radcliffe Street, a few doors above the Delaware House, and under the Observer Printing Office. 612

S. TAYLOR,

[LATE OF THE FIRM OF GRACE & TAYLOR]

House and Decorative Painter,

PAPER HANGER, ETC.,

GRAINING AND PAPER HANGING made a specialty, and executed in any part of the county on the shortest notice. The best materials used and satisfaction guaranteed.

All orders should be addressed to **S. TAYLOR,**
702 **68 Radcliffe street, Bristol, Pa.**

W. GRACE,

[LATE OF THE FIRM OF GRACE & TAYLOR].

House, Sign,
And GENERAL DECORATIVE PAINTER,
Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging.

FURNITURE Repaired, Grained and Varnished. GRAINING on an entire new principle, for Halls, Dining-Rooms and Libraries, greatly superior to the old methods.

Graining and Paper Hanging made a specialty, and executed in any part of the country, on the shortest notice. Nothing used but the best materials. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Address orders to **W. GRACE.**
Cedar Street, between Franklin and Walnut,
701 BRISTOL, PA.

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,

PERSONS IN WANT OF

TINWARE

of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at

C. C. DOUGLASS'

Stove & Tinware Store.

ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 68

CARRIAGES

ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing, Painting and Varnishing.

WILSON RANDALL'S,
601 **Bath St., Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa.**

J. HARRISON TOMLINSON,

DEALER IN NEW AND SECOND-HAND

Sewing Machines.

Machines from auction—good as new, at less than half the price of new machines.

Market Street, first door above Cedar,

BRISTOL, PA.

1 WEED MACHINE, in good order..........	$20 00
1 SINGER, Family improved	20 00
1 HOWE, good as new............................	35 00
1 BUTTONHOLE AMERICA, almost new..	35 00

and other new machines at a heavy discount for cash. Old machines taken in trade at a liberal valuation. 971

NOTICE TO WATER TAKERS.

Oakes & McGonigle,

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Steam Fitters,

MILL STREET,

Rear of Kinsey's Hardware Store,
BRISTOL, PA.

All the latest improvements in Faucets, Stop-Cocks, Circulating Boilers, Water Closet Attachments, Pantry Sinks, Bath Tubs, Day Pans, &c., &c., Wind Mills, Force and Lift Pumps, Rams, &c.

GAS FIXTURES in all the latest designs, furnished at short notice. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. 790

R. HEPWORTH. A. COLLINS.

HEPWORTH & COLLINS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

NO. 1 MARKET STREET,

Dealers in Hydrants, Wash Paves, Water Closets, Hot and Cold Shower Baths, Bath Tubs, Lift and Force Pumps, and all articles of the trade. Iron Pipe for water, gas and steam. City and country orders promptly attended to.

P. S.—Please call and examine our stock of Gas Fixtures of the very latest design.

Office open daily from 6 to 8 P. M.

Please give us a call. 741

Burlington, N. J.

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

BURLINGTON MACHINE WORKS.

The subscribers beg leave to inform their many friends and the public that having fitted up a shop in J. T. Severns & Sons' Mill Building, they are now ready to execute all kinds of

MACHINE REPAIRING,

Engine, Factory or Agricultural.

ALSO, TO FIT UP FACTORIES WITH POWER,

SHAFTING, PULLIES, HANGINGS, AND ALL OTHER REQUISITES.

All work will be done at low rates, shortest possible time, and guaranteed.

J. MATTSON & CO.,
Practical Engineers and Machinists,
911 Post Office Box 187, BURLINGTON, N. J.

BURLINGTON
Marble Works,
BROAD STREET,

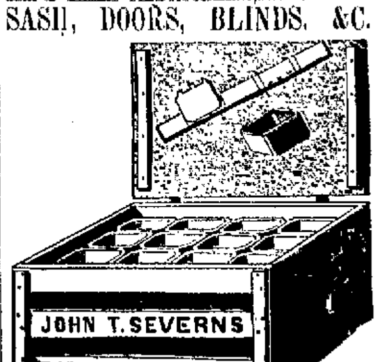
Opposite Railroad Depot.
G. F. COLEMAN,
1038 Proprietor.

J. H. IRWIN.
PLUMBER,
Gas & Steam Fitter,

No. 31 High Street, Burlington, N. J.

Hydrants, Bath Tubs, Wash Basins, Water Closets, Hot and Cold Shower Baths, Lift and Force Pumps, Hydraulic Rams, and all articles of the trade. Lead and Iron Pipe Work, for Water, Gas and Steam. City and country orders promptly attended to. 667

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, &C.



We have added to our PLANING MILL AND LUMBER BUSINESS

A LARGE STOCK OF

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, SHUTTERS, AND FRAMES,

Which we are prepared to furnish Carpenters and Builders at the Lowest Market Rates.

We are also prepared to furnish Estimates for all kinds of Extra Work in Pine or Hard Woods.

SASH: Glazed or Unglazed.
BRACKETS,

Scroll Sawing & Wood Mouldings.

Builders will find it to their advantage to examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Burlington Fruit Box
PRICES.

60 qt. crates and boxes, iron bound, $3.50;
48 qt. do. do. do. $2.75;
36 qt. do. do. do. $2.15—
—[with 60 pints, $2.45
32 qt. crates and boxes, iron bound, $1.80;
30 qt. do. do. without iron, $1.85,—
—[with 60 pints, $2.10
32 qt. do. do. do. do. $1.60;
24 qt. do. do. do. do. $1.50,—
—[with 40 pints, $1.70.

Quar boxes $2.50 per hundred.
Pint do. $2.00 do do.
25 cts per hundred extra for packing.

J. T. SEVERNS & SON,

West Delaware Avenue.
BURLINGTON, N. J.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. 912

Bristol.

Which Plan is the Best?

THE COMMERCIAL
Insurance Company

INSURES DWELLING HOUSES, STORES, &c., &c.,

(No hazardous risks taken.)

ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

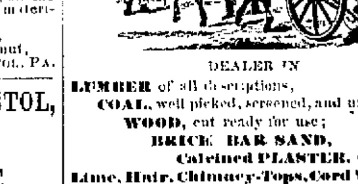
The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment.

Full particulars given. Apply at office

No. 44 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.
JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT.
E. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY. 740

H. M. WRIGHT,

No. 25 BATH STREET BRISTOL, PA.,



DEALER IN

LUMBER of all descriptions,
COAL, well picked, screened, and under cover
WOOD, cut ready for use;
BRICK, BAR SAND,
Calcined PLASTER, CEMENT,
Lime, Hair, Chimney-Tops, Cord Wood, &c.

Dealers will find it to their advantage to call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

FERTILIZERS of all kinds constantly on hand. 636

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,

WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL PA.,

DEALER IN

COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,

Curb & Building Stone,

TERRA COTTA PIPES,

Chimney Tops,

Garden Vases in variety.

Bristol Mills.

FLOUR, FEED. **LUMBER, COAL, &c.**

ROGERS BROTHERS,

Successors to J. & A. Dorrance.

Flour

Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.

Feed

of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.

Lumber.

Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades; Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.

Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality.

Bills for large, long or odd sized timber cut at our

SAW MILL

at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices.

PLANING MILL.

Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding, &c. of the different grades, constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices.

SHINGLES

In all the varieties as to size, quality and price, so that our customers cannot fail to be suited.

COAL

Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds, well screened and free from slate and dust.

WOOD

Ready Sawed for Summer use and very cheap. CEDAR RAILS lower than usual.

Grain Bought

At the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.
471 **ROGERS BROTHERS.**

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®